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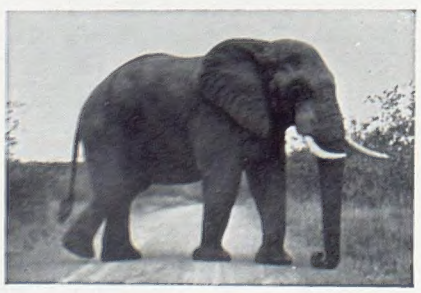

Volume CCXIX No. 2863 The SPHERE, London, December 25, 1954

The SPHERE

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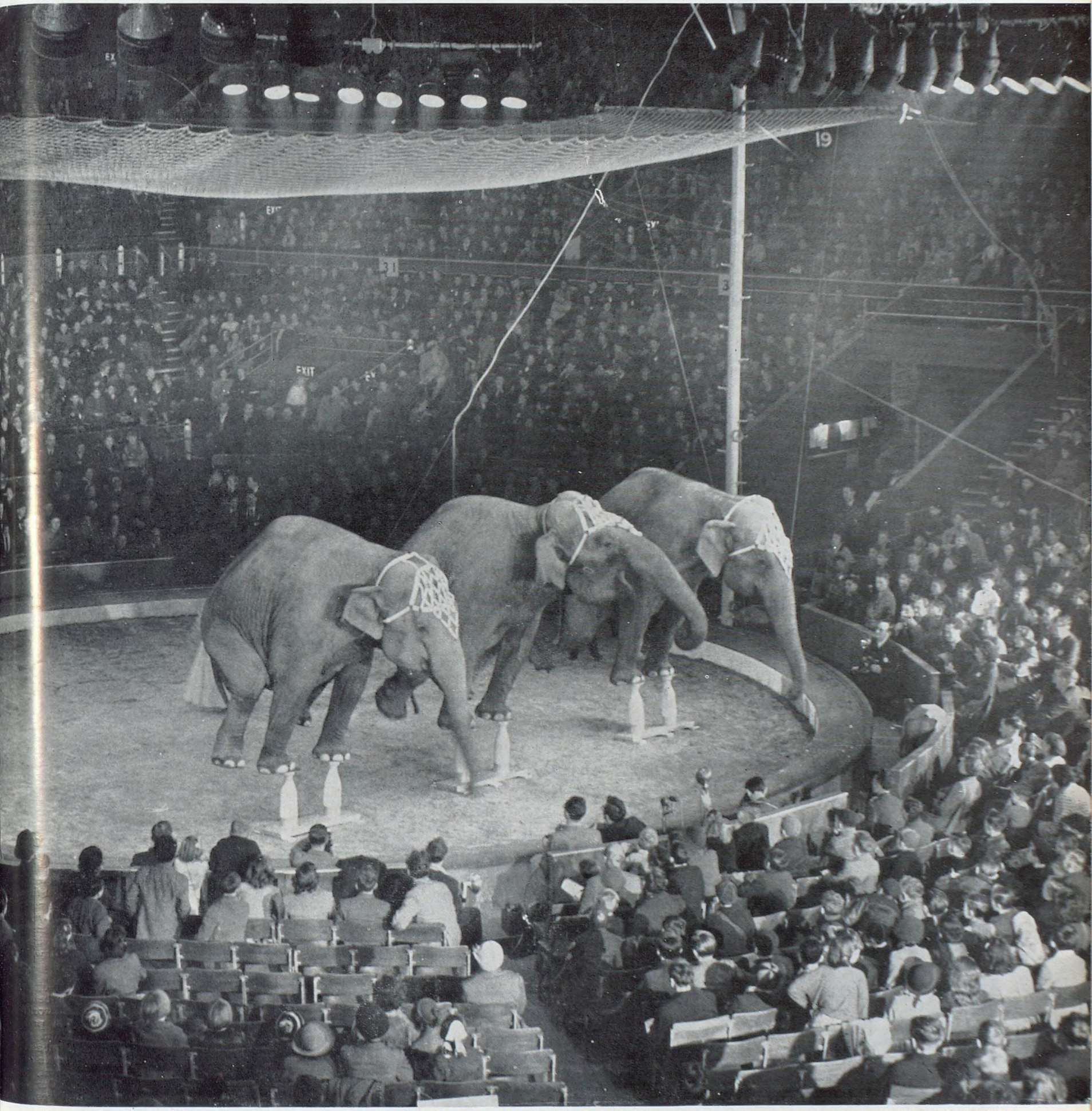


THE CHRISTMAS THRILL WHICH IS THE HIGH POINT OF THE YEAR FOR MANY CHILDREN—THE FAMOUS BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS DELIGHTS ITS AUDIENCE AT OLYMPIA, IN LONDON: Youngsters and elders watch the antics of one of the ever-popular turns as the three elephants Mary, Jennie and Ranee go through their performance. Added to the usual demonstrations of amazing skill are a variety of unexpected thrills. Many of the acts are being shown for the first time this year.

Bertram Mills Circus is a traditional Christmas treat in hundreds of families, and this year the arena at Olympia is as packed as usual for what most of the spectators agree is a better-than-ever circus. Spotted horses from Denmark, tigers, bears on bicycles and motor-cycles, and polished and sophisticated elephants keep attention undivided. Then, of course, there are the clowns. By popular request they are introducing more and more water! Their leader is the favourite Coco. A new comedy turn is a mule which is "unrideable." The public are invited to join in the fun and see if they can "break" him. Trapeze artists and other tricksters perform their breath-taking feats high in the air, in aeroplanes and on the thinnest of wires. A Hungarian troupe shows everything which can be possibly done with springboards, and skaters whirl round at incredible speeds. Magic is represented by Borra, the "King of Pickpockets," who claims to have "fooled most of Europe's police chiefs." He is one of the seventeen acts appearing here for the first time. (Further pictures are on pages 538-39 of this issue.)

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A LONDON SILVER JUBILEE

YEHUDI MENUHIN CELEBRATES THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN LONDON : The great violinist and his wife blow out the candles on the cake at a party at a hotel in London. Menuhin came here this month with his brother-in-law, Louis Kentner, for recitals of the Beethoven sonatas for violin and piano. The virtuoso, who was a child prodigy, first appeared in England at the Queen's Hall in 1929, aged thirteen. The scenes afterwards, in which women tried to embrace him, did not divert the critics from expressing the opinion that here was a genius.

M.P.s ENTERTAIN ATHLETES

THREE OF THE GUESTS AT A PARLIAMENTARY SPORTS COMMITTEE DINNER : They were among the British athletes invited to a dinner in the House of Commons. On the left is Roger Bannister, with Christopher Chataway (centre) and Jim Peters. Dr. Bannister, a qualified medical practitioner, announced three weeks ago that he was retiring from athletics. He can rest on his laurels, for he was the first man since athletic records have been kept to run a mile in under four minutes. Chris Chataway is one of our best middle-distance runners, as Soviet challengers well know. Jim Peters will probably be best remembered for his dramatic finish in the marathon at the Empire Games at Vancouver.

A PARLIAMENTARY OLYMPICS RUNNER : Mr. Philip Noel-Baker, the former Socialist Minister of Fuel and Power, who himself ran in the Olympic Games in Stockholm in 1912, is the Chairman of the House Sports Committee. Here he is greeting Mr. and Mrs. Pickering. Mrs. Pickering is perhaps better known as Jean Desforges, the European Games Gold Medallist.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.*2. *The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £5 16*s.* 6*d. ; 6 months and Christmas Number,* £3 *; 6 months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s., £2* 19*s. and* £2 15*s. ; and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d., £3* 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

A Happy Christmas.—If you are not fed up with a reiteration of the customary Christmas good wishes, at least in the shops, since October, may I be more precise in wishing all readers a very happy Christmas. It is always a hard fact to face that just when the sun begins to turn and the days to draw in, we pass from autumn to winter and must prepare to defend ourselves and our cars and rickety homes from new enemies, frost and snow and ice. This year, at any rate, the autumn and summer enemies did their damnedest to sap our defences against the new enemies of winter. But perhaps we have gained so much in experience in fighting the forces of Nature that we shall return to the new campaign after Christmas with unusual confidence. The holes and chinks plugged to withstand the gales and the rain may still do duty to resist the snow and the blasts of icy air, and our new tiles may survive long enough to hold the snow. Christmas, at any rate, is a time for cheer and hope, and let us make the most of it. We have in past decades very often enjoyed it under worse conditions. Indeed, the glass is set fairer than usual, economically, politically, even meteorologically. If we cannot yet sing with confidence that

> "The night is past and the dawn at last
> Is coming with Orient light,"

at least we can remind ourselves that we have sung those words for centuries and often with less expectation of fulfilment ; and hope deferred does not spoil their charm and beauty.

Christmas Sermon and Present.—Listen to me. I won't keep you five minutes. Instead of a text, I will sketch in the background :—*Comics :* The frightful harm they do to the young can only be eliminated by the parents' guidance and discipline. *Pornography :* Only by parents accepting their responsibility for what their children read can the nation effectively mitigate the bad influence which "near-obscenity" novels cause. *Modern novels :* Art must never stand still. Nor must literature. It is the mirror of its age and it must reflect its age. *But,* its present age is undesirably pessimistic, disillusioned, unpleasant and bitter. Christmas is a short season still accepted as celebrating hope, cheerfulness and kindliness. It is the very week for a parental experiment, combining pleasure with business (or duty). The choice of Christmas presents is always difficult, and the range between cocktail cabinets and comics is bewildering and not exclusive. *Give them books :* And what sort of books ? Why not try some former old favourites, Christmas being an old, traditional sort of ceremony ? Give the boys these six (once) old familiars. Let them read in the order given : *Prisoner of Zenda, Bird of Dawning* (Masefield), *Rodney Stone, Lorna Doone, Master of Ballantrae, Ravenshoe.* Masefield and Hope are a pattern of lucid simple style. Henry Kingsley is not, nor is Blackmore, but both are full of virtues. If you must have a who-dun-it, *The Moonstone,* or Milne's *Red-House Mystery.* Are you quite sure this lot have lost their appeal ? I know that they are all available still and well read, but have *your* boys tried them ? If your boys don't read them at a sitting (and take no harm and a deal of instruction and entertainment from them) I will eat my hat and apologise. But if they enjoy them, then you know where your duty lies and you must pursue it, choosing for them decent, big-hearted stories among the moderns or the ancients.

Road Traffic Bill.—The eagerly awaited Traffic Bill is an important Bill of the fourth Session, and it will be studied at leisure, as it deserves, and fought out exhaustively. Without its better half—measures to improve the roads—it is, in whatever form it passes into law, the merest gesture. But it contains some useful and long overdue reforms. The jay-walker and the hog-cyclist will no longer be quite free to hold up motorists. The L driver will no longer be able to be a "L" of a menace for as many years as he pleases. The maximum penalty for a first conviction for reckless or dangerous driving will be increased to £100, or four months, or *both.* Driving "under the influence" is similarly to be given a doubled maximum fine. Better still, disqualification is to be tightened up and, in certain circumstances, a disqualified driver must pass a new test before his ban is lifted. The organisations which represent all road users will fight for their protégés and point out a score of unfair discriminations. But the germs of common sense are in the Bill—I have listed only a few of them—and when it becomes law, it should have some effect on the present chaos, always assuming that the means to detect and punish offenders are equal to the strain, and that the roads are made a little less dangerous.

Our "Prestige" Abroad.—The Select Committee on Estimates—that body which reveals so many scandalous examples of waste of public money which shock us for a day and continue cheerfully to grow worse—has turned its attention to the costs of our Foreign Service which, at the sweet will (some say) of the Foreign Office, have increased to astronomical figures which take our breath away. And this time it recommends (not for the first time) the setting up of an independent committee to enquire into it all. We may be pretty sure the recommendation will be shelved, as are 60 per cent. of the Select Committee's recommendations. You see, we shall be told that the true facts are very different. Actually, the Foreign Office is still undermanned for its multiple tasks. And you *must* have the best men and pay them well. And there 's nothing odd in an Embassy typist in Washington receiving £1,200 a year salary (or £4,000 a year in Moscow). That is mere chicken-feed in U.S.A.—or Moscow ? And no one has any idea of how many of these annual millions go in U.N. requirements and the care of refugees. And so on. We shall hear all these excuses for doing nothing and we shall be told that an increase in the cost of our Athens Embassy (for example) from £14,000 in '39 to £117,000 to-day is perfectly reasonable. It is true we are not in a position to judge the whole picture. We *are* entitled to call in question the argument about Prestige—that we must make a glorious splash abroad for the sake of British prestige—"old masters" hung everywhere, champagne in fountains, entertainments on the princely scale of 1905. I suppose it was an "old-fashioned" notion that when a man of small means with a precarious income entertained his friends at a restaurant on a princely scale, his action was not only reckless but disgustingly vulgar. A man should entertain according to his means, and if his friends are true and decent, they do not quarrel with simple hospitality. It is exactly the same with a nation.

ANOTHER SUTHERLAND STUDY OF AGE

A GRAHAM SUTHERLAND LITHOGRAPH OF SOMERSET MAUGHAM : This is a reproduction of the print which the artist did for the limited edition of *Cakes and Ale,* published to mark the author's eightieth birthday at the beginning of this year. From the date on the top of it, July 7, 1953, it will be noticed that the drawing was made some considerable time after the artist's famous portrait of Maugham. Sutherland was clearly struck by the way in which his subject's features had changed. As with the recent Churchill portrait, the artist has shown his genius in portraying the rare phenomenon of experience and old age still abundant with vitality

Poor but Honest.—We are to-day a poor nation, and we are poor because (we believe) we behaved decently and honestly in two world wars. What merit exists and what profit, in pretending overseas that we are more wealthy and splendid than we are, that life as lived in our Embassies is a mirror of life among our wealthy classes ? It is certainly vulgar and probably dishonest, and if dishonest it is economically unsound. Our Ambassadors are no longer national representatives, framers and executants of our foreign policy, playing a lone hand on occasions. They sit at the end of the telephone and from hour to hour do as instructed from Whitehall. In so far as they possess an unfettered discretion still, it is, or should be, confined to affording to foreign eyes a *true* and honest picture of the British way of life and thought, to representing with dignity and candour the sort of people we are and what we stand for and what we are capable of doing in the international pool of mutual co-operation. To present to foreigners any other picture more highly coloured seems to us every whit as vulgar and every whit as damaging to ourselves as to America is the Hollywood picture (luxury flats, drinking, gambling, wenching) of

"normal" life in the U.S.A. *Prestige?—pres tidigitation*, and neither clever nor convincing nor worthy at that. "What sort of people do they think we are?" *Pace* our modern Ambassadors, a Midas type with precarious millions and a love of showing-off. And, be very sure, we shall continue to show-off and to dip into the taxpayer's pocket to pay for these Hollywood pictures. Poor, certainly and, as certainly, dishonest, foolish, vulgar.

Lament for Lamorna.—Living British painters who found their inspiration at Lamorna, in Cornwall, for the last sixty years are naturally up in arms and "have written to *The Times* about it." There is a project to erect a rash of bungalows and a *caravan site* in the valley, and until the public inquiry has been held, the project is by no means killed. Lamorna is not for mere bathers. It has no beach, no sand. It is, besides, an annexe of Burlington House, designed by Nature for the few who know how to appreciate the magic tracery cast by its trees on dog-violet and anemone, who "glimpse trout" in limpid rill-pools (and at Lamorna the stream runs *down to the sea*), who can note signs of Phœnician tin-washing (how many years ago!), and who know no more than you or I the purpose of the rites held at "The Merry Maidens" stones on Boleigh Hill (how many centuries ago!). Bungalow folk and caravanners care for none of these things. Magic tracery means nothing to them, they are incapable of "glimpsing" anything. Move them on to Polperro or Stinking Cove or Trehole, for the place whereon thou standest is Holy Ground. All of which is not to say that I dote on caravan sites or bungaloid growth, or the last finishing touches in the suburbanisation of England. But, if you wish to make a last-ditch protest, hire a draughtsman with a sense of humour and proportion and *don't* assume that only those who exhibit at Burlington House appreciate beauty and are interested in old things and know how to "glimpse." That attitude defeats your purpose and alienates your supporters. As does the implied and dreadful threat that "in certain circumstances" the "lads will return to Lamorna no more." A quite deplorable letter to *The Times*.

Thames Valley.—The English after all are not unlike the peoples who live under an active volcano and prefer the site to any other, always rebuilding on hot lava after a mass disaster. New houses are going up in the vast lagoon covering Maidenhead, Eton and Windsor. What do the builders build for? The distant prospect of a dozen "real summer days" in a year, when it is pleasant to canoe or to dip in the Thames before breakfast. And for half the year the certainty of chill, damp and mildew beyond ordinary, and the probability of much more. What happened to the scholars of "King Henry's holy shade" in old days? I suppose they had abnormal rainfalls since 1066, and they hadn't gum boots or Thermos flasks or flood control in those old days. I suppose the boys were amphibious. Oxford, Worcester, Bath, Windsor, Eton, and so on, grew, as we know, beside our larger rivers because those rivers were the only highways for heavy freight; but since Macadam and Stephenson it has not been so, and it is strange that people have never ceased to found colonies in swamps and become lake-dwellers on the off-chance of a dozen pleasant days in a year. Presumably they set a high price on floating assets.

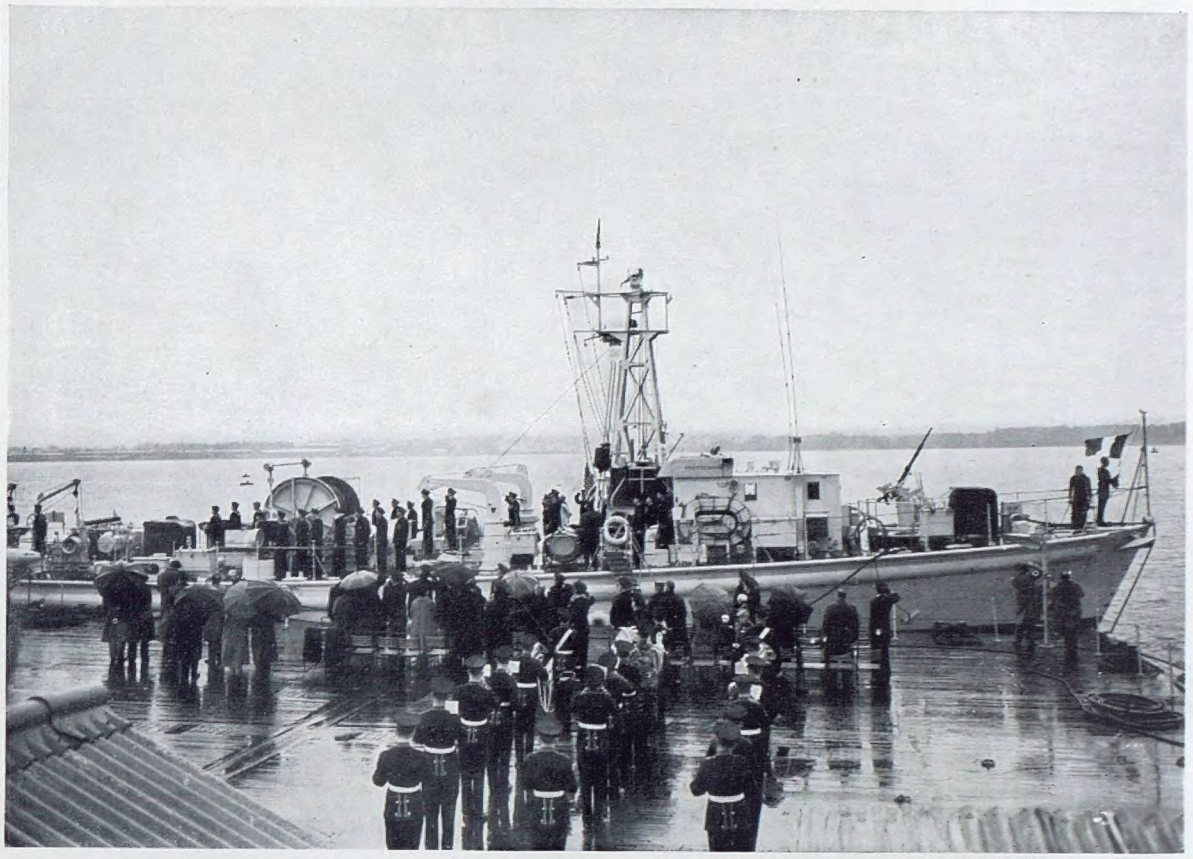
Talk About the Weather?—Talking about the weather is usually frowned on by cultivated people, who regard it as a rustic pursuit, a "whistling for lack of thought." In the early part of December, Christmas plans and presents usually provide enough matter for conversation among those who leave politics and culture severely alone. But December 1954 gave us an exceptional right to talk about the weather seriously. For when in a reputedly dry area 12 ins. of rain fell in a period of thirty-eight days (with constant thunderstorms, 70 m.p.h. gales, mild whirlwinds, stygian darkness, non-stop week after week), we have a topic more interesting than our neighbour's backslidings. For my part, I live on a hill, a dry, sandy hill, set 300 ft. above the flood-waters. Or, at any rate, I did so before last November. Now I realise I am slipping down to the valley at the rate of a foot a day. Banks, terraces, hedges, all are slipping down, and tall trees have fallen or lean drunkenly away from the gale. I was certainly more interested of late in my own than in my neighbour's backslidings. And while we talked of the weather, we never failed to charge up these freaks to those atomic explosions. In this we were right and wise. It may not be true. Your guess is as good as the scientist's. But if by reiteration we can persuade our neighbours and, through chain persuasion, the millions of potential victims in the world that these explosions must stop, then our recent weather and talks about it may prove a blessing, cleverly disguised.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

In addition to the regular features and the comprehensive, pictorial survey of world news, the January 1 issue of THE SPHERE *includes a special article by C. J. M. Alport, M.P., on the £100,000,000 COLONIAL DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION; an account by L. G. G. Ramsey of the exhibition at Christie's of ENGLISH SECULAR PLATE IN CHURCH POSSESSION; and a six-page TRAVEL SECTION.*

A WARSHIP FLIES THREE NATIONAL FLAGS



A MINESWEEPER BUILT BY BRITAIN FOR AMERICA IS GIVEN TO FRANCE: The French flag is raised at the bows of H.M.S. *Frettenham* at the end of a ceremony at H.M.S. *Diligence*, the Royal Navy's commissioning and equipping base at Hythe, near Southampton. The *Frettenham* is the first of a group of fifteen inshore minesweepers to be completed in British yards under the U.S. off-shore procurement programme for transfer to the French Navy. In this ceremony a British naval officer delivered the ship to an American naval representative, who in turn transferred her to a French admiral. At the different points the appropriate national flags were flown. The *Frettenham* is one of the "Ham" class of minesweepers, named after British towns and villages ending in "ham." They are an entirely new type of vessel, embodying novel features resulting from lessons learnt from war-time experience and subsequent developments.

On left—

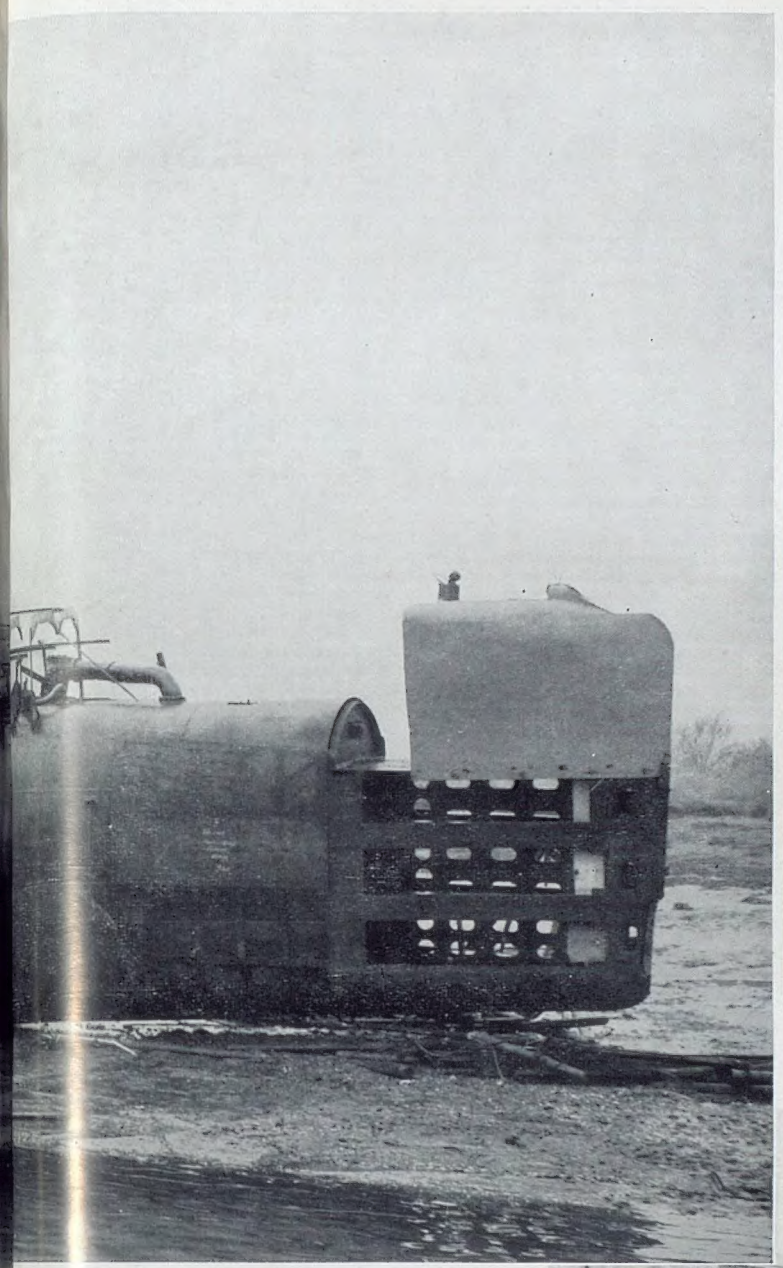
THE THREE OFFICERS FROM THE NAVIES CONCERNED IN THE CEREMONY AT HYTHE: From left to right—Rear-Admiral Yann Le Hagre, the French Naval Attaché in London; Vice-Admiral J. W. M. Eaton, C.B., D.S.O., D.S.C., Flag Officer Commanding Reserve Fleet, and Captain C. G. Grimes, of the United States Navy.

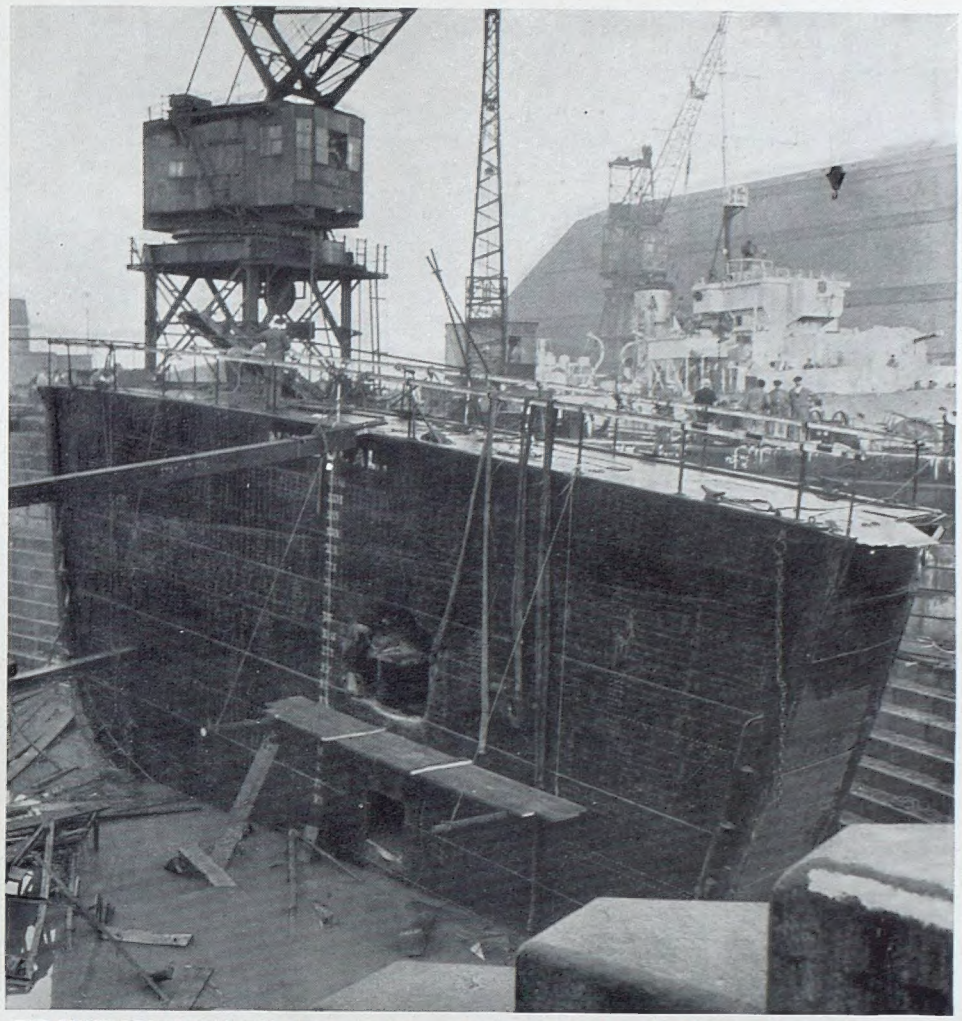
FLOOD THREATS CONTINUE IN ENGLAND

A RAILWAY BRIDGE IS THREATENED WITH COLLAPSE IN THE MIDLANDS: Workers are repairing damage and clearing the rubble by a bridge at Colwich, in Staffordshire. This bridge carries the main London line over the road and was menaced by flood-waters from the River Trent. Road and rail traffic was diverted after a part of the embankment and a section of the bridge parapet had fallen into the road. Three vehicles—two vans and a lorry—were waiting to proceed along the flooded road and were caught by falling rubble. Their drivers were treated for shock and escaped with minor injuries. The River Trent had burst its banks and swept over hundreds of acres of farmland. At one time the road running to the bridge was flooded to a depth of 5 ft. When this picture was taken, other parts of England were still suffering from the results of the heavy rains. The Thames was flowing at three times its normal rate for December and thirty roads in eleven southern counties were still flooded.

STRANDED ON A MEDWAY MUDBANK—THE SUBMARINE "TALENT" AND THE SALVAGE SHIP "SWIN" ON THE DAY AFTER THE TRAGEDY AT CHATHAM: The 1,090-ton submarine can be seen high and dry on the mudbank to which she had been swept from her dry-dock at Chatham 1,000 yards away, after a caisson had collapsed, causing an inrush of water. Throughout the following night and day rescue vessels attempted to salvage the submarine, but at the next low tide the *Swin* also ran aground.

THE DRY-DOCK WHICH WAS WRECKED BY A SUDDEN ONRUSH OF WATER: No. 3 dock at Chatham, where the submarine *Talent* was undergoing a major refit at the time of the tragedy. At left can be seen the holed caisson, which was swept away by the Medway waters. The dock itself is littered with the keel blocks and timber shores which were crushed by the sudden onslaught of the water. As it became flooded and the supports were torn away, *Talent* sped out of the dock "like a bullet."





THE CAUSE OF THE DISASTER : The steel caisson in its final position in Chatham Dockyard, showing a gaping hole in its side. When the caisson collapsed at the entrance to the dock a wall of water poured "like a tidal wave" into No. 3 dock, and *Talent* was swept into the Medway.

THE "TALENT" TRAGEDY

Four Workmen Lost their Lives, and Thirty were Saved, when the Submarine was Swept Out of its Dock at Chatham after a Caisson had Collapsed

A shipping tragedy of an unusual kind struck the dockyard at Chatham last week. While the submarine *Talent* was undergoing repairs in dry-dock the caisson which sealed the dock collapsed. Water gushed in "like a tidal wave," brushed away the keel-blocks and timber shores supporting the submarine, and the vessel was shot out of the dock "like a bullet." As the foaming water poured into the dock, men scrambled out for their lives and, as the straining hawser wires broke, the men working in *Talent* hurried as best they could on to the deck. It was all over in thirty seconds, and in that time three men, who were believed to have been working in the dock or on the outside of the submarine, lost their lives.

The submarine rushed out of the dock and continued on her way for about 1,000 yards into the Medway. There she stuck on a mudbank, and the thirty-one workmen on board were rescued by tugs and launches. Three of the men were taken to hospital, and one of them died on the following day from heavy injuries received. Immediately attempts were made to salvage the submarine, but operations were hampered by heavy fog, which hung over the Medway for the next fifteen hours. By the time it had lifted, another tide had been missed, and one of the rescue vessels, the *Swin*, was left high and dry on the same mudbank as *Talent*. Eventually, however, the submarine was refloated and towed down the Medway into another dock in Chatham Dockyard.

The Admiral Superintendent of Chatham Dockyard, Vice-Admiral G. V. M. Dolphin, said that he had never heard of a caisson giving way in this manner before. Apparently there was a loud report, as of a gun going off, and the caisson was seen to swing round towards the shore. The water rushed through towards the far end of the dock, and the submarine, by then afloat, was caught in the backwash of a huge wave and so shot out into the Medway. The caisson ended up on the down-river side of the dock, quite near the shore end. It was hoped that after lifting it there might be some clue to what went wrong. The First Lord of the Admiralty told the House of Commons that a full investigation had been ordered. Although the accident appeared to be unique, he had heard no suggestion of sabotage.

The submarine *Talent*, 1,090 tons, was completed in 1945. She had been paid off at Chatham in order to undergo a major refit, and no naval personnel were involved in the tragedy. *Talent* is of the same class as *Truculent*, which sank after a collision in the Thames estuary in January, 1950.

On right—
THE AFTERMATH : The wreckage of timber in the dock where *Talent* was being refitted. Four workmen lost their lives when the submarine was swept out.

THE CIRCUS AT OLYMPIA

To Add to Its Delights this Year the Bertram Mills Circus Presents Seventeen Acts which Have Never Been Seen Before at Olympia

THE CYCLING BEARS : One of Rupert's five brown bears cycles round the ring. They ride bicycles, motor-cycles and high stilt cycles, and vary their act with balancing stunts.

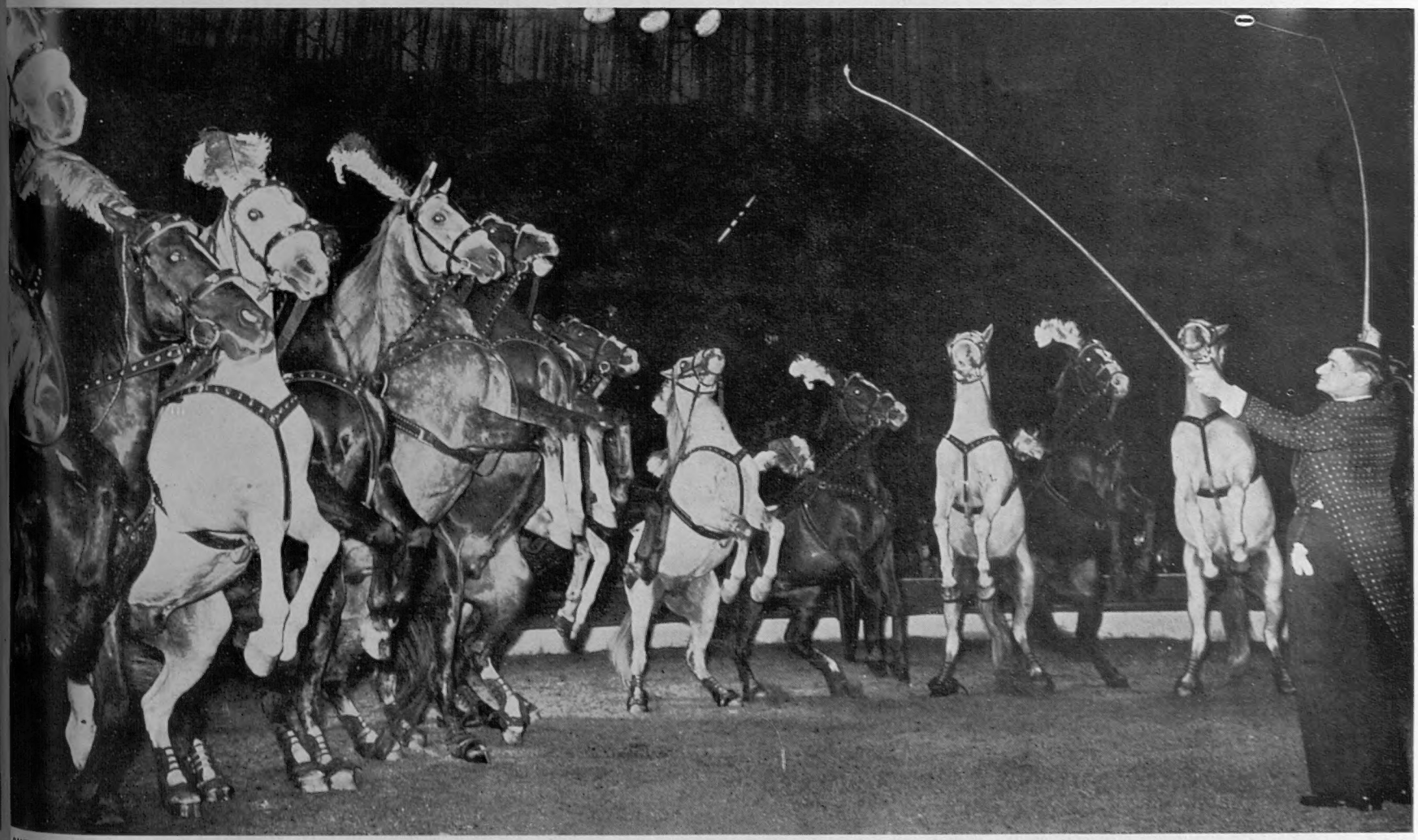
A CLOWN CHATS WITH HIS AUDIENCE : Coco is an established number one favourite among the children. Here are some of the lucky ones who have a talk with him.

THE "ATOMIC LAUNDRY" : The clowns bring on more water than ever, to the delight of everyone watching them. The fun is increased by their "atomic washing machine."

THRILLS UNDER THE BIG TOP : Ria and Romes are new-style acrobats who call themselves gyrobats. They hang down from the top of their steel perch and revolve. Below, faces of all ages are raised in breathless concentration. This year the Mills Circus at Olympia adds many innovations to its traditional acts.

HIGH-SPEED SKATING ON A TABLE TOP : The climax to one of the turns of the Five Orlandos as two of the roller skaters are whirled round by a third. Another thrill is provided by a Hungarian troupe who leap from springboards. As usual, the circus is well balanced to show the skill of human beings and animals.

A HIGH-FLYING ACT WITH AEROPLANES FROM FRANCE: Suspended in mid-air between their two aircraft are the aces of the De Riaz High Flying Act—Henri, Antoine, François and Paulette. Their aerial sensation, which has thrilled many parts of Europe, has been given a new form. The De Riaz are one of the seventeen acts which have never been seen before at Olympia. These new turns include Borra, the "King of Pickpockets," and the Five D'Angolys, a troupe of hoop and club jugglers.



ONE OF THE MAIN ATTRACTIONS: In spite of the introduction of many new thrills, the horses never lose their popularity. Here the famous Arab "Liberty" horses, from the Mills' stables, are showing their skill. Another horse act is the Knabstrupper "Spotted" horses, from Denmark. It is their first appearance at Olympia. The horse performers are supported from the animal world by tigers, elephants and a comic mule. When the circus is finished, there are the delights of the Fun Fair outside.

THE ELDER BRETHREN OF TRINITY HOUSE GIVE A DINNER TO SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL TO CELEBRATE HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY : The Elder Brethren assembled in the Library of Trinity House, London, to do honour to the Prime Minister, who is himself one of their company. In the front are, from left, Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Cunningham ; Viscount Templewood ; Captain W. R. Chaplin, the Rental Warden ; Sir Winston Churchill ; the Duke of Gloucester, Master of the Corporation of Trinity House ; the Duke of Edinburgh ; Captain Sir Gerald Curteis, the Deputy Master ; Viscount Monsell ; and Commodore R. F. L. Hubbard, the Nether Warden. Back row, from left, are Captain R. J. Galpin, Captain C. G. H. Noakes, Field Marshal Earl Alexander, Commodore A. S. Mackay, Admiral Earl Mountbatten, Captain C. St. G. Glasson, Mr. C. R. Attlee, Commodore T. L. Owen, Captain D. Dunn, Captain K. McM. Drake, and Captain G. P. McCraith. Behind the group hangs a portrait of Sir Winston Churchill in the full-dress uniform of an Elder Brother. It was painted for Trinity House by the late Sir Oswald Birley.

A DINNER FOR SIR WINSTON

The Prime Minister is Honoured by the Elder Brethren of Trinity House; and Two of his Ministers Fly to Paris for the N.A.T.O. Council Meeting

THE ELDER BROTHER LEAVES FOR TRINITY HOUSE : Sir Winston Churchill, in the uniform of an Elder Brother of Trinity House, leaving No. 10, Downing Street for Tower Hill. He has been an Elder Brother since 1913.

READY FOR THE MEETING OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY ORGANISATION IN PARIS : Mr. Harold Macmillan, the Minister of Defence, and Sir Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary, at London Airport, waiting for the Viking aircraft of the Queen's Flight which took them to Paris. There they attended the meeting of the N.A.T.O. Council. One of the questions before the Council, and one which was discussed by the nations' representatives in private, was whether the use of nuclear weapons should be authorised in the event of a future war, and who should give this authorisation. In a speech in October Viscount Montgomery had said that S.H.A.P.E. was counting on using tactical nuclear weapons in the event of an attack.

THE STUDENT RIOTS IN ATHENS

Some Eighty People were Injured when Greek Students Demonstrated Against the United Nations Decision to Shelve the Cyprus Issue

THE FIRE BRIGADE IS CALLED OUT TO QUENCH THE ARDOUR OF THE ATHENS STUDENTS: A hose plays on a section of the large crowd in the streets of Athens, while police, their batons drawn, try to drive back students who were attempting to reach the British and American Embassies. Some 5,000 students staged virulent demonstrations for the union of Cyprus with Greece, and against the decision of the Political Committee of the United Nations to defer, without time limit, further consideration of the Cyprus question.

POLICE AND DEMONSTRATORS CLASH: The Athens police use force in order to quell one of the young rioters. Forty-nine students and twenty-five policemen were injured during the demonstrations in the Greek capital.

THE POLICE CHIEF JOINS IN THE FRAY: A student has been brought to bay by police in an Athens street. Nearest to him, in the centre, is Colonel Theodore Rakintzis, who is the chief of the Security Police in Athens.

On left—

URGING ON THEIR COMRADES: The young men climb on to a car to encourage waverers in an upstairs room. Many of the slogans carried by the demonstrators had, on this occasion, distinctive anti-American slants, such as "Shame on America," and, "We do not want your dollars."

ON THEIR WAY TO THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR: A group of demonstrators hurl defiance at the police and the United Nations and shout pro-Enosis slogans as they make their way to the Athens memorial, where they knelt and swore to shed their blood "for the liberation of Cyprus." Priests, in their black cassocks, were much in evidence at the head of the students in the course of the demonstrations.

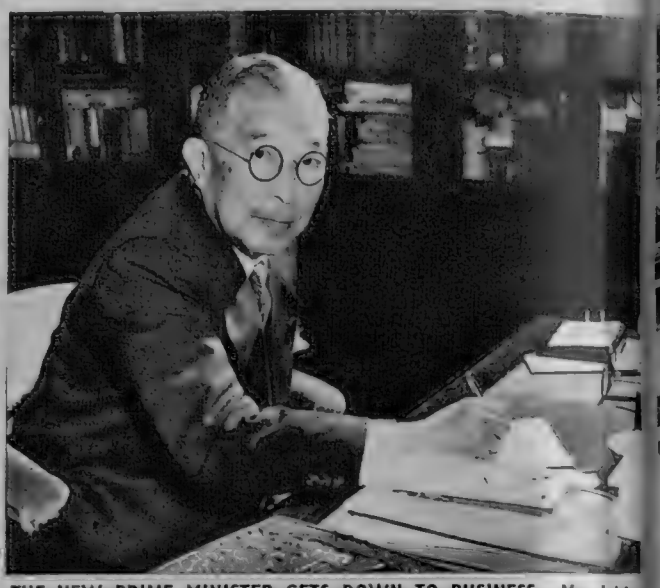
THE STREETS ARE JAMMED: Four of the students put on a show in one of the main streets, while, in the distance, older spectators watch the performance with amusement. Traffic was stopped for two hours.

The Foreign News in Pictures

JAPAN'S NEW PREMIER

AND A SURVEY OF OTHER RECENT EVENTS IN THE EAST, IN EUROPE AND IN THE UNITED STATES

THE DIET CASTS ITS VOTE TO ELECT MR. HATOYAMA: A general view of the Lower House in Tokyo as members vote for the election of a new Prime Minister. Mr. Ichiro Hatoyama, President of the Japanese Democratic Party, won 257 votes to 191 in the Lower House, and in the Upper House he also received a large majority. He was elected with the support of both Right- and Left-Wing Socialists. Mr. Hatoyama's opponent was the newly-elected leader of the Liberal Party, Mr. Taketora Ogata. The election was caused by the resignation of Mr. Yoshida, for six years Prime Minister. Mr. Yoshida had also been forced from the leadership of the Liberal Party. In the election of the new Prime Minister, the Socialists held the key, for neither the Democrats, a moderate party which came into existence because of opposition to Mr. Yoshida, nor the Liberals could get a sufficient majority without them. Now it is expected that there will be an early dissolution of the Japanese Diet, and that the country will be plunged into its third election in two-and-a-half years. A feature of the new Cabinet is the inclusion of Mr. Shigemitsu as Foreign Minister. He is well known in the West, having been Japanese Ambassador in Britain.



THE NEW PRIME MINISTER GETS DOWN TO BUSINESS: Mr. Ichiro Hatoyama at his desk after his election as Prime Minister of Japan. He is seventy-one, and represents Tokyo in the Diet.

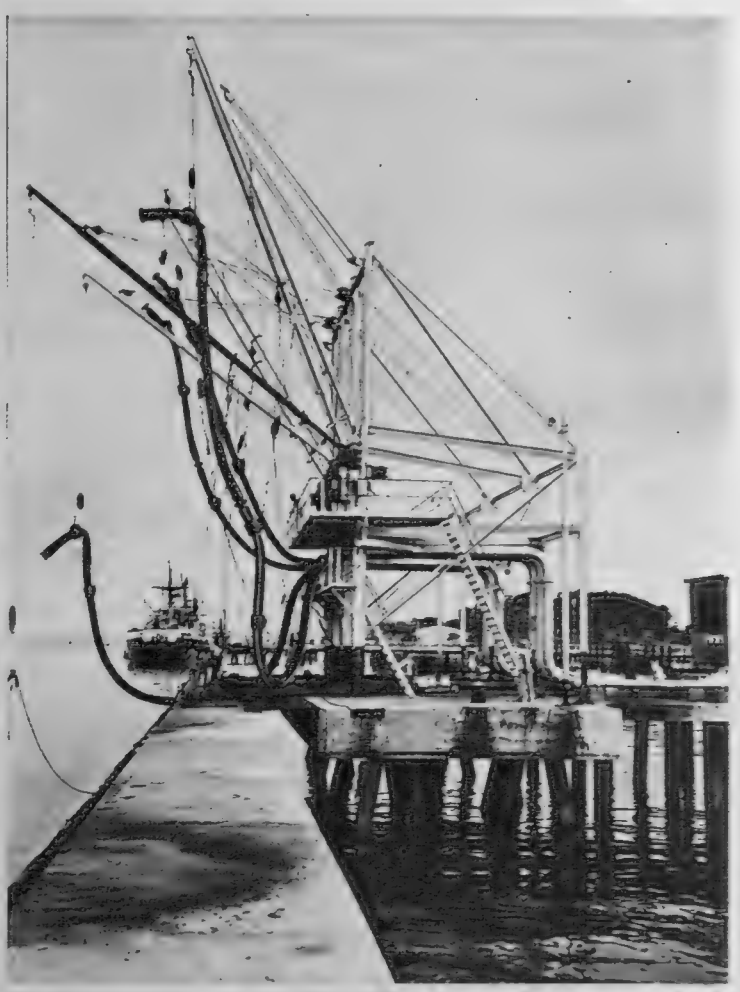
DISASTROUS FLOODS IN SINGAPORE: Police, almost up to their waists in water, are seen pushing a boat in which an old Malay woman has been rescued. Civil Defence workers aided the police in coming to the rescue of Indian, Chinese, and Malay squatters marooned on their farms. Some 5,000 were evacuated.

EUROPE'S BIGGEST SUSPENSION BRIDGE IN USE: The parties of officials cross the new Rhine Bridge at Cologne after it had been opened. The bridge, 413 yards long, is claimed to be the biggest in Europe.

On right—

THE RHINE SUSPENSION BRIDGE IS FORMALLY OPENED: Herr Seebohm, the West German Minister of Transport, opening the Cologne-Rodenkirchen suspension bridge. He was deputising for the Federal Chancellor, Dr. Konrad Adenauer, who was prevented from attending through illness. The new bridge links the Autobahn at Rodenkirchen. The original bridge had collapsed last January as a result of war damage. It has thus taken the German authorities some ten months to replace it.

UNIQUE CONSTRUCTION METHOD ON NEW OIL BERTHS AT SINGAPORE : Four new oil tanker berths, three of which embody unique constructional methods, are being built at Pulo Bukom, Singapore. Three of the new wharves are seen here. The builders' problem was to provide structures capable of absorbing the impact of vessels of up to 60,000 tons. This was solved in three wharves by putting in heavily reinforced concrete beams, carried on lines of forward raking piles. The impact energy is absorbed by pile bending, according to a complex mathematical formula. As far as is known, these structures are unique. New shore facilities, which include modern mechanical hose handling gear, allow loading and discharge rates of from 1,000 to 1,500 tons per hour. The design for the wharves was made for Shell by Messrs. Sir William Halcrow and Partners, of London, who have also supervised the actual construction by Messrs. Gammon (Malaya) Ltd. A prototype wharf was built at Kingston, Jamaica, last year, and the first vessel to use it was the S.S. *Gothic*, during the visit of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to the West Indies. Shell's marine installation at Pulo Bukom has 800,000 tons of storage capacity and berthing facilities for eight tankers. Careful planning allowed construction to proceed according to plan, without difficulties.



THE HOSE HANDLING GEAR AT PULO BUKOM : It is ready to operate on one of the new wharves. In the background a tanker is being cleared by similar apparatus from another wharf. This new gear saves labour.

On left—
CULTURE FOR GERMANY AND SPAIN : The Spanish Ambassador to Western Germany, Señor Antonio Gonzalo, offers his fountain pen across the table to the Federal Chancellor, Dr. Konrad Adenauer. This incident occurred in Bonn at the signing of a cultural agreement between Western Germany and Spain.

On right—
THE SHAH AT THE WHITE HOUSE : The Shah and Empress of Persia being greeted by President Eisenhower in Washington. They were received in Washington with a twenty-one-gun salute and full military honours. Although the Shah called his three-day visit to the American capital a private vacation, he conferred with the President and with the Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles.

HE FRENCH PREMIER IS HOST TO BRITISH M.P.s IN PARIS : M. Pierre Mendès-France is seen with British Members of Parliament who formerly served with the R.A.F., at a luncheon held in their honour at the Hotel Matignon. The British Ambassador, Sir Gladwyn Jebb, is seen on the left. On his left are : Andre Moynet, French Secretary of State for Youth ; Air Commodore A. V. Harvey, M.P. ; W. Teeling, M.P. ; and the French Premier. Among those on the Premier's left are : Gaston Palwski ; General Corniglion Molinier ; E. Shackleton, M.P. ; General Catroux ; Hervey Rhodes, M.P. ; and the Earl of Gosford. The visit was in return for one made to Westminster in 1952 by ex-members of the Free French Air Force, including M. Mendès-France.

THE WORLD FORESTRY CONGRESS IN INDIA : The President of India, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, inaugurating the eleven-day conference of the Fourth World Forestry Congress at Dehra Dun, in the United Province. Behind him is a picture of Mahatma Gandhi. More than 300 delegates from forty-eight countries attended the first congress meeting to be held in the East. Dr. Prasad told the delegates that forestry had a great role to play in the agricultural and industrial regeneration of India, and this was emphasised by the size of the Indian delegation : it consisted of about 200 members, including Ministers of State Governments. Among the delegates from the United Kingdom was Mr. A. P. F. Hamilton, who had once been India's Inspector-General of Forests.

THE DAY'S MISSION BEGINS AT DAWN: Vinoba Bhave, the Holy Man who persuades landowners to give up their property for general distribution, crosses a river in Bihar with his followers. It is 4.30 a.m., and kerosene lamps light their way.

SUNRISE IN BIHAR: Walking barefoot (with a white dhoti), Vinoba and his followers cross the muddy plain on their way to the next settlement. There the Holy Man will preach to the crowds who flock to him, and will talk to the landlords.

PREACHER TO THE LANDLESS OF INDIA

The Work of Vinoba Bhave, the Holy Man whose Words have Persuaded Landlords to Make Over Property to Some of India's 50,000,000 Landless Peasants

IN 1951, armed Indian Communists, taking advantage of the troubles in Hyderabad, killed landlords in the district of Telengana and distributed their property among the landless peasants. Three thousand people were killed and 35,000 gaoled before order was restored.

That might have been the spark to kindle a nation-wide revolution for land reform by violence. As it turned out, it touched off quite a different sort of revolution—a one-man crusade, based on goodwill and non-violence, which is still sweeping India like fire.

Indeed, that is how the man who started it describes himself. "I am like the fire," declares Vinoba Bhave. "The function of fire is to burn. It does not worry if man uses it for good or evil—or not at all. My preaching creates a proper atmosphere for a non-violent solution of economic problems. The people will solve the problems—not I. It is up to them to get the best out of what I create."

In less than three years the "atmosphere" has resulted in India's notoriously tenacious landlords parting with enough land to settle 2,500,000 of the nation's 50,000,000 landless peasants—voluntarily. Neither the Communists, by violence, nor the Government, by legislation, could have achieved anything like it.

Although its consequences may be very complicated, the secret of this staggering success is simple. Vinoba's appeal is spiritual, not political; aimed directly at the heart, not the head. This formidable scholar (besides English, Arabic and Persian, he speaks eight of India's principal regional dialects) talks in words that the most childlike can understand. "One-sixth of India's people are landless. If one of you has five sons and a sixth is born to him, he will divide his property into six parts instead of five. I am asking for one-sixth of India's soil on behalf of the landless. Consider me as your sixth son."

His other main asset is that he is in everyday touch with the real heart of India—that overwhelming majority of her 350,000,000 who live in villages. Since he went to Hyderabad in 1951 to preach non-violence, he has walked nearly 10,000 miles, avoiding towns and politicians, but constantly able to check at first hand the results of his experiment. Since September 1952, Vinoba has concentrated on the North-Eastern Province of Bihar, which has 3,000,000 landless peasants out of a population of 40,000,000. Here he aims to collect enough for all before the end of this year: his all-Indian goal is 50,000,000 acres before the end of 1957.

Long before he started his land reform crusade, Vinoba was a national figure. His fame rested on the known facts of his personal holiness—a dedicated ascetic life since the age of ten, total celibacy and forty years' practice of the discipline of Yoga. He became a follower of Gandhi in 1916, and though always identified with the spiritual side of the Nationalist Movement, he was several times gaoled as a political prisoner during the non-violence campaigns. His deliberate refusal to be tied by official connections (even when invited by Nehru) or to identify himself with political factions (although the Right Wing Socialists dedicate their party's whole activity to supporting his crusade) has increased his authority and put him in a position above parties perhaps unequalled even by Gandhi's. His portrait hangs in millions of homes, alongside the household gods—the Lord Krishna, Ganesh, the flute-playing god, and the elephant-headed deity Hanuman. To the Indian peasant he is *babaji* (little grandfather), just as Gandhi was *bapu* (father).

Vinoba's day begins at 3 a.m. with prayers and song with his closest disciples. At 4.30 he takes the road, lighted by a kerosene lamp until sunrise. Warned

THE CROWDS BEGIN TO GATHER: As the morning advances, Vinoba and his entourage are met by people from the next village. The crowds around the Holy Man get steadily bigger, until he makes his entry into the village through triumphal arches. The people there acclaim him with the slogan, "Long live Vinoba the Saint!"

of his coming by disciples, who have preceded him, villagers go out to meet him with flowers, build triumphal arches, and shout "Long live Vinoba the Saint!"

Since he nearly died of malaria a year ago, he averages only ten, instead of twenty miles a day. Neither thunder, rain, mud nor wind deter him. He refuses an umbrella because "the rain is sent by God," preferring to run to keep warm, often flanked by barefooted village girls or fat local politicians breathlessly trying to gain popularity by keeping pace with the cavalcade. On arrival he has his one daily meal—milk or curd, fruit-juice or raw vegetables. He is slightly deaf and suffers from stomach ulcer, but after an hour's rest he receives farmers and landlords, reads or dictates letters. Between two and four in the afternoon he spins—a symbolic Gandhian ritual. After more prayers, he speaks to assembled villagers, always trying to add something new to his repetition of his appeal for land to distribute. In addition to his regular retinue of five, half-a-dozen temporary followers travel with him to get experience and inspiration before returning to collect land for his movement in their own home areas.

VINOBA MEETS THE LANDLORDS: The local property-owners listen intently as the Holy Man explains his idea of Sampattidan, the gift of revenue. Usually the landlords give about a sixth of their property to Vinoba for redistribution.

The Government passed special legislation to simplify the transfer of land under his scheme by a witnessed signature of thumb-print on a prepared form. Landless villagers put in their claims before these meetings, and, when donations do not meet demands, they are invited to decide among themselves whose need is greatest. If they disagree, the village elders are called upon and, if they, too, fail, a lottery is held. In any case, receivers of land are pledged not to alienate it for ten years. To meet the objection that land given is often of poor quality and that its new owners have nothing with which to till it, Vinoba has launched a subsidiary campaign for revenue over a number of years to provide bullocks, ploughs and seeds for new landowners.

In the cold light of Western economics, Vinoba's crusade is full of pitfalls and anxious question-marks. Like Gandhi, who never lived to practise as an administrator what he had preached as an agitator, he wants to save the Indian village from Western materialism. He would transfer virtually all powers to the village assembly, so that necessary reforms would come about not by legislation from Delhi, but from inside the village itself. In this way reforms would happen only when local conditions, based on the full understanding and consent of all the villagers, became ripe. A village assembly, for example, should have the right to prohibit imports of industrially-produced food and mill cloth from the cities where this would upset the pattern of village life or cause unemployment.

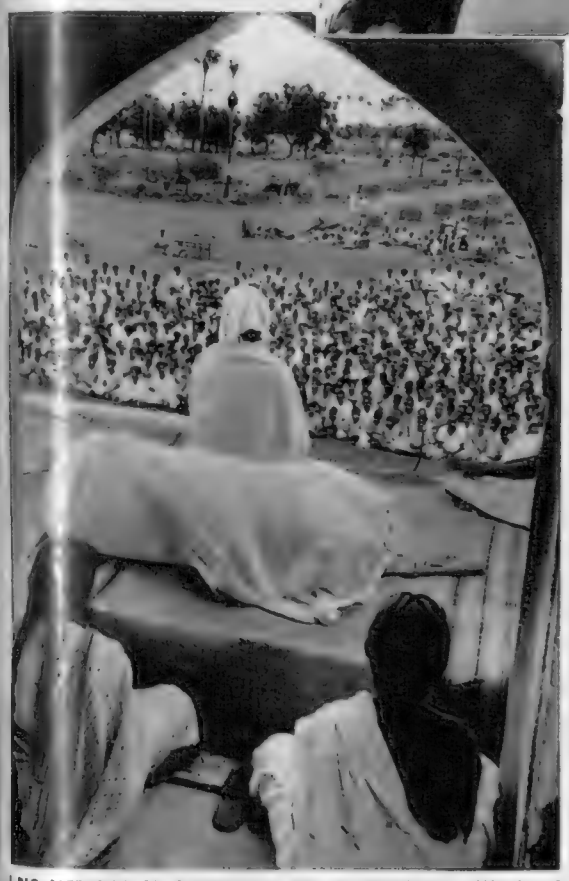
Since India chose to become a secular, progressive Republic, the conflict between Vinoba's teachings and Nehru's development programme is all too obvious. Politically, Vinoba's critics ask whether simple peasants will not confuse his noble message with Communist invitations to grab land by violence. But no one dares assail—openly, at least—the frail little man, who probably represents to-day the biggest bloc of votes throughout the length and breadth of the country.

Since Vinoba's triumph in Telengana, the Communists are bitterly aware that he is their deadliest rival

WALKING IN THE RAIN : Even the monsoon showers are no deterrent to Vinoba, who refuses to use an umbrella. He tells his followers " the rain is sent by God, why should you avoid it with factory-made umbrellas ? " Some of his supporters seem to remain unconvinced. But there is no doubt about the influence Vinoba has throughout India. Since he went to Hyderabad in 1951 to preach non-violence, Vinoba has walked 10,000 miles through rural areas, preaching to the landless.

HOPE FOR THE UNTOUCHABLES : Two of the caste listening to Vinoba. Some are too primitive to understand him.

VINOBA BHAVE PREACHES : He tells his audience at Lakhpura : " Land belongs to everybody, just as air and water." He has been in Bihar since September 1952, and by the end of this year he expects to have collected enough land for the 3,000,000 landless peasants there. Long before this, however, Vinoba has been a national figure. He became a follower of Mahatma Gandhi in 1916, and has always been associated with the spiritual side of the Nationalist movement, for which he has suffered imprisonment. He has led the life of an ascetic since the age of ten.



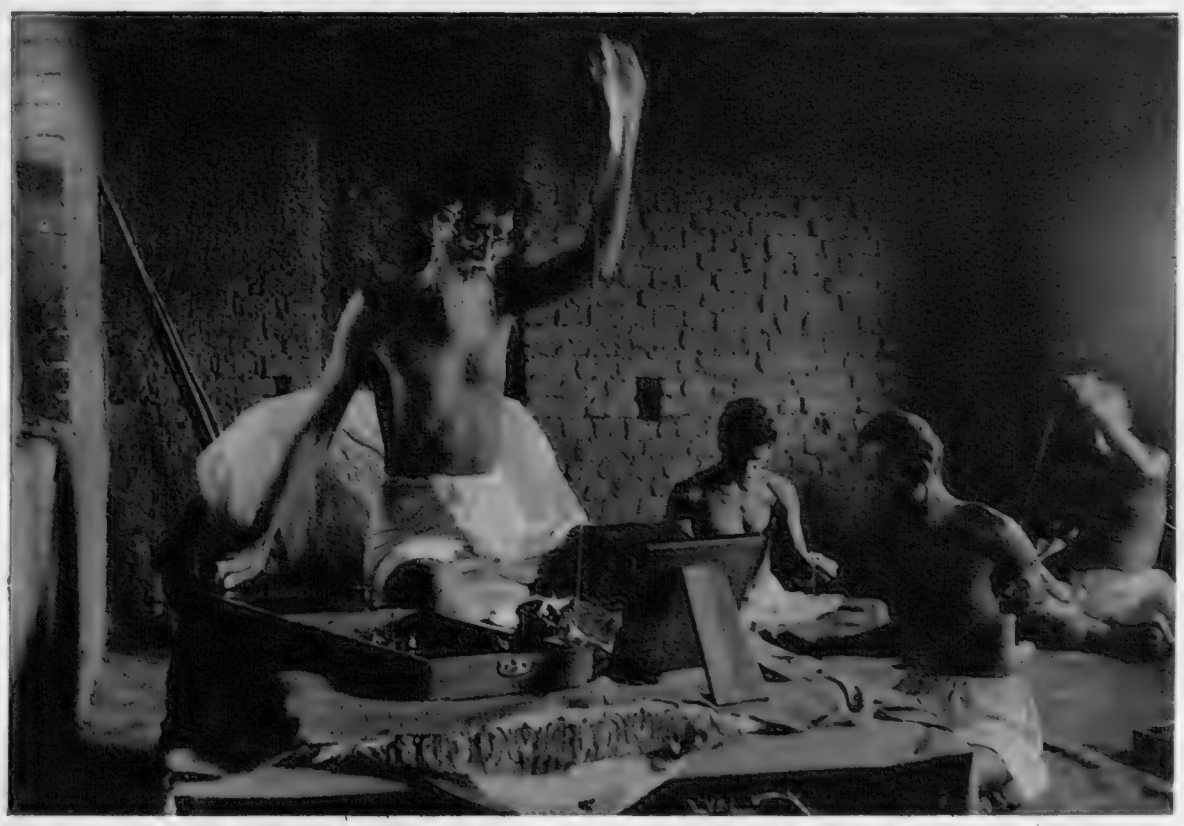
BIG MEETING IS ADDRESSED BY MICROPHONE : His head and shoulders covered by the dhoti, Vinoba gives his address, while two girl disciples take notes of his speech.

On left—

HOMAGE FROM THE VILLAGE WOMEN : Seated on a dais, Vinoba receives the offerings of arti, the fire sacrifice, from the women who approach him in order to touch his feet.

for the possession of the souls of those millions of underprivileged Indians whom Marxist theory had always promised them as easy recruits. In one village terrorised by Communists, he challenged them directly. " Do you really believe in your ideology ? If so, why not come in the daytime instead of by night ? If you want to loot the people, loot as I do, with sincerity and affection."

Since he began his campaign, India's President has told Vinoba to take what he wanted from his Bihar estates; the Nizam of Hyderabad has handed over an undisclosed amount of land ; a single rajah has given 350,000 acres, and countless tiny holders have sacrificed parcels of their minute but treasured plots. Vinoba Bhave is quite aware of the conflicts and problems he is creating—and quite undeterred. He believes that spiritual discipline, religious studies, prayer and meditation, have qualified him to practise " Karma-Yoga "—the way of God through action. Because of his undoubted integrity and terrifying single-mindedness, Vinoba's fire will continue to burn. To the people and their politicians he leaves the responsibility of turning the blaze into one of the world's greatest social and economic reformations.



THE GANDHI TRADITION BECOMES A RITUAL : Two hours of communal spinning has become a ritual for Vinoba. The spinning movement was founded by Mahatma Gandhi, whose disciple Vinoba had been for over thirty years, " for the uplift of the masses of the country." In about two years Vinoba has secured land for 2,500,000 people.

FLOODS, FARMS AND FASHIONS

The Widespread Flooding Recalls the Days when Britons had Time to Look Around and Build Their Homes Above the Floodwaters

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

AS I write this, a full-blooded gale howls around the house and the trees sway and creak and groan before it. It has been raining with scarcely a pause, and raining heavily, for the past four days, and in the valley below the floods are out. This is not in the least surprising (though it does seem to have taken many people completely by surprise), for it has been one of the wettest summers and autumns on record, and the soil is saturated to over-flowing.

Our flooding is not, of course, the sort of flooding that they have been experiencing down in the West Country and in the West Midlands, but it is severe for this part (Surrey) of England. The waters are across one or two main roads in sufficient depth to be impassable for all motor-traffic, and there is (as I write) some 2 ft. of water in one of the main streets of a neighbouring town. This, and some casualties among the elms, has been enough, even in a year in which we have all got thoroughly tired of hearing about the weather, to make it once again the chief topic of conversation in the pubs and to provide headlines in the local papers.

Floods, even such comparatively slight flooding as this—and it is negligible when set against the 12 ft. or so of water which covers the Worcester cricket ground when the Severn tops its banks, or against the sort of flooding which the natives of Sedgemoor regard as quite normal—can be very awkward in our modern civilization, with its complete dependence on mechanization. Severe flooding—and I do not include in this category the cloud-burst type of flood which, as at Lynmouth, can cause catastrophic devastation, for that is something quite different—may well bring financial disaster to householders in its path and cause farmers considerable embarrassment. Yet, knowing all this, I have still to admit that I like looking at floods and find them thrilling.

Winter flooding brings back, almost overnight, the England of old, an England we have never known. All our careful and skilful drainage is set at nought. We are whisked back over the years to a time when countrymen had only their native wit, and none of the artifices of modern engineering, upon which to rely in the battle against nature. In time of flood you can stand at the edge of the waters and see land as our ancestors knew it centuries ago, and realise how very well they knew the face of England and how perfectly they fitted themselves and their belongings into it. If you can shut your mind to the present (and temporary) sorrow that the waters have brought, it is an enlightening experience.

The fact is that the more mobile we become, the more we travel from place to place, the less we know of England. It is a commonplace in these days for a man to say that he knows "every inch" of this road or that. The commercial traveller who uses the Great North Road twice or three times a week will say it of that road: the stockbroker who each week-end motors from London to his luxurious country cottage will say it of the road he uses. It simply is not true. All that the motorist, who regularly uses a road, knows of that road is this or that dangerous bend or corner, the "good pull-in," a few petrol pumps and a pub or two. He only knows that he is going up a hill when he has to change gear (and with modern motor-cars this is becoming less and less frequent); he is completely ignorant of the small inclines. And he sees only the road before him, a narrow blue-grey ribbon stretching ahead; he does not notice the hedges and the ditches. And what lies beyond the hedge is *terra incognita*. He cannot see over it, and he is going too fast to bother, anyway. He is the slave of the tarmac and the petrol engine, and the more he drives, the less of the land of England does he know.

And, in great measure, this is true also of bicyclists. Certainly, it is true of those who ride at great pace in phalanxes at week-ends, their noses a few inches above the front wheel, their sterns waving grotesquely high above their heads. All they see is the few feet of tarmac immediately before them. It is true that the bicyclist knows more about hills than the motorist, for often he must dismount and push his bicycle up them. But then he is too tired to look beyond the hedge. He gets fresh air and exercise, and this is most praiseworthy, but he learns little more of the face of England than the motorist. He, too, suffers from the pointless urge to get from one place to another as quickly as possible. He knows the hills because they force him to walk. But, if he recognises an incline, it is as a primitive and infernal nuisance and not as a topographical feature.

WORCESTER COUNTY CRICKET CLUB GROUND UNDER FLOOD: The water from the swollen river creates the impression of a vast natural lake. Rising in the background is the cathedral.

But, once upon a time, Englishmen walked, or rode upon staid and heavy horses. They then had time to look around them and to think about the things they saw. And, walking or riding, they got the "feel" of the land to reinforce the evidence of their eyes. The land beyond the verge of the road was not *terra incognita* to them, for they fashioned the roads and the paths, using the land they knew so intimately to their advantage.

They lived in a land which was very largely swamp. You have only to consider the prevalence of the words "marsh," "mere," and "moor" in our place-names to realise how very wet England was. And you have only to consider the habits of many birds—golden plover, snipe, redshank, and so on—which still visit pastures and meadows, now drained and neatly fenced, to realise that it is not very long since they were marsh lands. So, inevitably, the country men and women of old learnt a great deal about water and the ways of water. Having no modern drainage system to help them, they allowed the waters to help themselves.

THE COWS MOVE TOWARDS THE HIGHER LAND: They are being driven from their flooded pastureland at Deerhurst, to a safer area. On these occasions the farm hands must know "every inch" of the road.

One may still see, in apparently level pastures, a curving line of longer, ranker grasses, growing in tussocks: but how rarely do we realise that this curving line marks the course of an ancient stream. How rarely, now, do we realise that the thin film of mist that lies, and always in the same place, across a meadow of an autumn evening marks the course of a channel, which now lies buried, but once ran free. When, after heavy rains in winter, the rivers overspill their banks, the waters first take their ancient courses—the backwaters, the little streams and runnels and channels which have been reclaimed and filled in and tilled, the "fleets" and the "oxbows" and the "rines" and "dasbies"—and only when these are filled, or only when they have already been filled in, do they spread out across the land.

FLOODING IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE: Floodwaters from the Severn, more than a mile away, swirl up towards the cowsheds at Walton Hill Farm, Deerhurst. Some buildings are still beyond the reach of the water.

And, in a wet season, as the waters rise, they bring back the swamps and lakes of old. Then one sees the straight wooden or wire fences, the iron railings, running inflexibly through the waters of a lake. The artificiality is heightened. Indeed, something to which we have become so accustomed that we have long since ceased to regard it as artificial at all suddenly appears puny and foolish. It is then that one realises how powerful is water, what inexorable force nature exercises.

A flood tears to shreds the veil of progress, and shows us once more the ancient face of the land. Now, standing on some slight acclivity, and looking out over flooded farmland, we can see that we stand on what was once the bank that disciplined a lake or the boundary of what was once a marsh. And we can see, too, how felicitously our slow-moving, but very wise and observant, forefathers conformed to the ancient pattern.

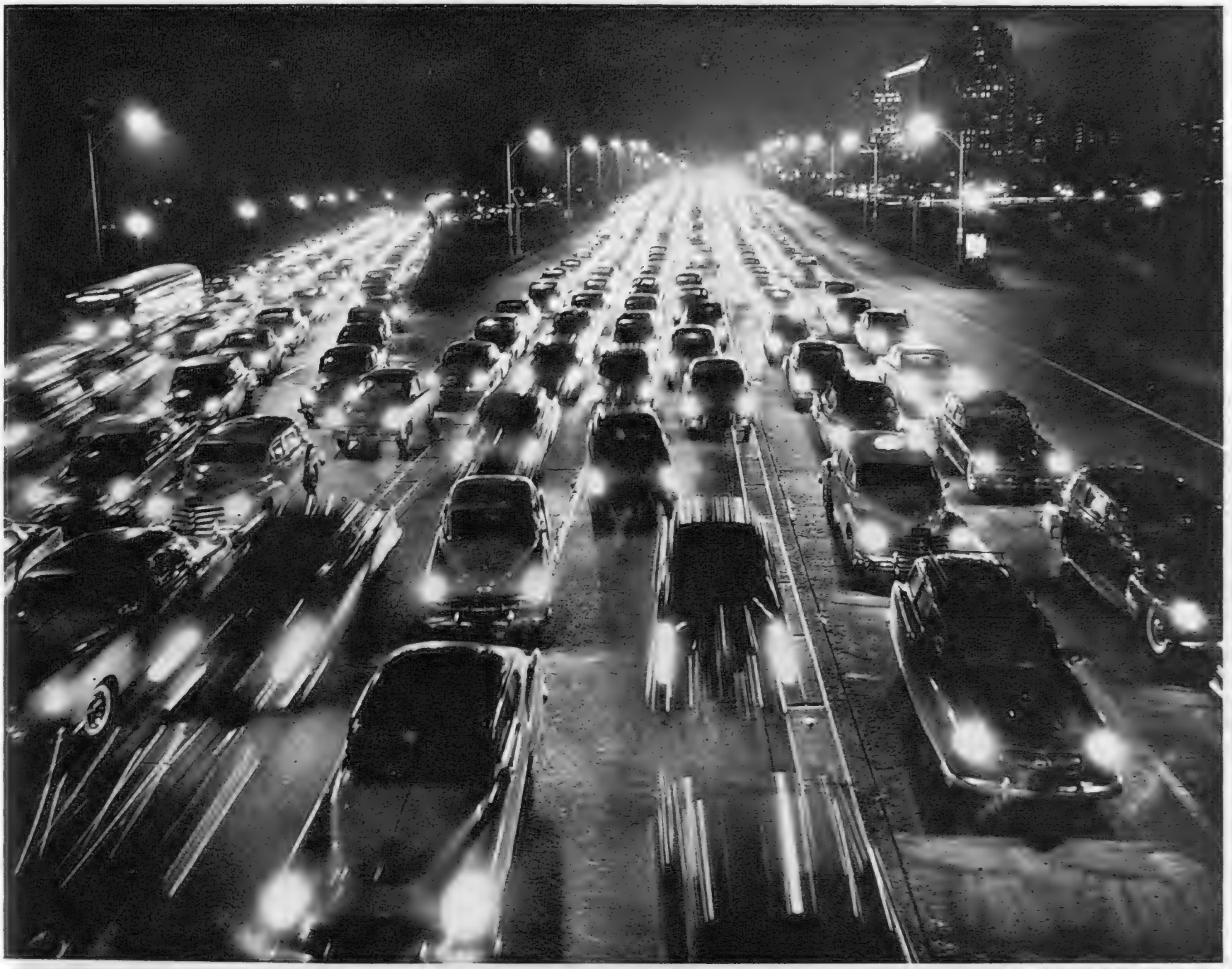
Follow the line of the flood-waters, and you will find that the old farmhouses and the old farm cottages stand at its limit, on its shores. You may sometimes see an old farmhouse, in a really bad season, completely surrounded by the waters, yet standing above them and dry. You may sometimes find, in a really wet season, a whole group of old farm cottages, even a whole hamlet, completely cut off by the waters, yet standing above them and dry. The waters, in an abnormally severe flood, may lap the doorsteps, but it is altogether exceptional for them to enter the house. Yet, a few yards away, the inhabitants of modern houses may be living in their bedrooms while the water swirls through the ground floor.

The old country men and women, denied the advantages of modern quick drainage, had an eye for the lie of the land. To-day, when we no longer walk (except, perhaps, to the nearest omnibus stop) a rise in the ground of, say, 2 ft. means nothing at all. If it is not an actual step up, it is safe to say that we do not so much as notice it. Certainly we do not notice a rise of 2 ft. in, for example, 100 yards. Yet in time of flood, as is proved year after year, it is just such a small rise that makes all the difference between being dry-shod and having your carpets ruined.

Farmer Giles may be a bit of a joke now. But he did know "every inch" of the road—and quite a lot on each side of it, too.

The Arab Horse Society's Endurance Test.—I should like to refer to the article in which I commented upon the Arab Horse Society's Endurance Test, and which was published in THE SPHERE in October. I have been informed that I was in error in naming Shagya Basa as the winner of that test. In fact, there was no winner: no horse completed the course. On the third day the rider of Shagya Basa found the rider of the only other horse left in the race at that time lying on the ground, and apparently seriously injured, and went to her assistance. And this involved a considerable deviation from the course. I apologise for misleading my readers on this point.

My attention has also been drawn to the fact that my comments on the Endurance Test might be taken to refer to the Arab breed as a whole. This was very far from my intention. I mentioned in the article horses from Lady Wentworth's Crabbet Park Stud, which hold world championships for endurance, and this stud (as readers of an article of mine published in THE SPHERE last year will recall) has also the most outstanding record in the show rings of the world. There are, of course, other breeders who understand the combinations of Arab blood which develop endurance, and who produce stock with both beauty and stamina. I was commenting only on this Endurance Test, which was, unhappily, a fiasco.



THE HOMEWARD-BOUND LIGHTS OF CHICAGO: These two seemingly endless streams of lighted vehicles passing each other in different directions along Chicago's Lake Shore Drive are a usual spectacle during the evening rush-hour. It is not permitted for any driver to turn back from the lane he is following. The packed head-to-tail lines of cars are but one example of the many traffic problems which have to be solved in the United States, which has a higher proportion of motorists than anywhere else in the world.

AMERICA'S CONGESTED ROADS

The Ever-growing Number of Motorists in the U.S. Creates an even Greater Traffic Congestion than in Britain.

On left—

A NEW SYSTEM OF TRAFFIC LIGHTS IN NEW YORK: On a corner of Times Square, looking up Seventh Avenue, new traffic lights are hanging from mast arms extending 9 ft. off the kerb and 15 ft. high. The new units are designed to reduce accidents by providing greater visibility for drivers. They replace the old lights standing straight up from the kerb, which can be seen in the left foreground and on the corner in the middle right. It is planned to introduce these lights at about 150 street-crossings in the city.

THE "IVERNIA" IN THE CLYDE AFTER HER LAUNCHING AT GLASGOW: The 22,000-ton liner, which was built by Messrs. John Brown for the Cunard Line, after her launching on Clydebank by Mrs. C. D. Howe, wife of the Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce. The *Ivernia* was launched in a strong wind, and it took five powerful tugs to keep her clear of the quayside and move her into the Clyde. The new liner is the second of three to be built for the Cunard Line for their Canadian run.

THE LAUNCHING OF A NEW CUNARDER

The Ceremony at Clydeside, where the "Ivernia" Became the Second Liner to be Built for the Cunard Company's Run to Montreal

With the launching of the 22,000-ton liner *Ivernia* at Clydeside last week, the Cunard Line received the second of its three ships which Messrs. John Brown are building for the Canadian run. Like the *Saxonia*, which was launched in February this year, the *Ivernia* is intended for the journey from Liverpool to Montreal; the Canadian city is nearly 1,000 miles from the open sea. In general design, the new liner follows the *Saxonia*; like her, she can accommodate nearly 1,000 passengers, the greater proportion of whom are to go tourist class. Like her sister-ship, the *Ivernia* has nine decks, including a vast cinema which extends through three decks in height. But as Lord Aberconway, chairman of the builders, pointed out at the launching, the *Ivernia* is not a repeat of the *Saxonia*. The experience of the builders in the construction of the older vessel, and the experience of the Cunard Company in operating her, had pointed the way to a number of improvements, some of which had been incorporated in the *Ivernia*. Further improvements would be incorporated in the third ship. The *Ivernia* is due to sail on her maiden voyage to Canada at the end of next June.

"I NAME THIS SHIP 'IVERNIA'": Mrs. C. D. Howe launches the liner. She had been presented by the builders with an emerald and diamond brooch of 1780.

SLOWLY THE GREAT NEW VESSEL GLIDES DOWN THE WAYS: The *Ivernia* closely resembles her sister-ship, the *Saxonia*, which was launched by Lady Churchill earlier this year. She is 608 ft. long, and on her nine decks she can carry nearly 1,000 passengers, 830 tourist class. The original *Ivernia* was torpedoed in 1917.

THE NEW VANBRUGH THEATRE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART IN LONDON : It was opened at the oldest and most important of the English acting schools by the Queen Mother early this month. *On left*—The auditorium as seen from the stage. It seats 400, including 114 in the circle. Behind the circle is the box of the Principal. *On right*—Looking from the circle to the stage, which is 24 ft. by 28 ft. It has an apron, which can be sunk, and room for a cyclorama, or sky scene.

LEARNING TO BE AN ACTOR

There are Half-a-dozen Important Dramatic Schools in London where Pupils are Thoroughly Grounded in their Art so that they can Contribute Fully to the Future of the Theatre

By JAN STEPHENS

THE opening of the Vanbrugh Theatre, the private theatre of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will have given pleasure to many who were never inside the doors of the Academy and have only the vaguest notion how actors are trained and how far such a thing is feasible. For R.A.D.A. is the oldest and the most important of the schools of acting in England. If it has not been responsible for the training of every leading actor and actress on the London stage, it can count among its former pupils a surprisingly high proportion of the leading actors and actresses; and the faint malice with which past students of other acting schools are wont to dwell upon its supposed shortcomings is not unlike that with which members of the younger universities have been known to speak of Oxford and Cambridge.

When Beerbohm Tree founded his academy in 1904, in the upper reaches of the new His Majesty's Theatre, he knew very well what he was doing. He admitted cheerfully enough that acting could not be taught. Nevertheless, he asserted, those with the power to act could be taught. It is a dictum that anticipates all those objections to the teaching of acting that have been made from time to time by sentimentalists with the notion that a great actor comes into being as spontaneously and as wonderfully as a rare flower discovered growing on a rubbish heap. Leaving great actors out of it for the moment, not even R.A.D.A., of course, can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and no reputable dramatic school pretends to guarantee to make a young man a good actor. All it can do is to show him how to make the best of himself on the stage, to tell him—instead of leaving him to find out slowly and painfully for himself—what generations of actors before him have learnt about their craft.

THE NURSERY OF MANY LEADING ACTORS AND ACTRESSES : R.A.D.A. counts a high proportion of stars among its ex-pupils. Its course lasts two years and costs about £190 in fees. *On left*—Fourth-year students rehearse *Time and the Conways* in their old theatre. From left are Joan Frederiksen, Barry Warren, Michale Behr and Virginia Maskell. *On right*—Mr. Richard Ainley, the son of the late Sir Henry Ainley and one of the instructors, tutors two first-year students in *Twelfth Night*. The pupils are given a thorough grounding in the elements of the actor's art and, besides acting itself, learn such subjects as dancing, diction and make-up.

There are now half-a-dozen important dramatic schools in London, which is the natural centre of stage training in England. For in London there are more theatres than anywhere else in the kingdom, where the student may find object lessons (and sometimes dreadful warnings), and the dramatic school in the capital is much more likely to persuade successful working actors to serve on its staff. Besides R.A.D.A. there are the Central School of Speech and Drama, made famous by Elsie Fogerty, the Guildhall School, L.A.M.D.A., that is, the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art, the Webber-Douglas School, and the Italia Conti Stage School. The last is a special case, since it is the only one of the six to make provision for the preparation of children for the stage. Historically it is immortally connected with the early days of Miss Gertrude Lawrence and Mr. Noël Coward.

It is to these schools in particular that the would-be actor must look for his professional training. An earlier generation would have sought it under an actor-manager or in a repertory theatre. But actor-managers are no more, or very nearly so. Beerbohm Tree was even wiser than he knew in making arrangements for young actors to be trained independently. As for repertory theatres, in these days they can spare little time from the struggle for existence to teach the students they still occasionally take—sometimes in return for a premium and, in any case, almost invariably as a convenient source of additional cheap labour. Where else then, if not in school, is the young man in love with the stage to learn, fairly quickly, how to make some kind of showing at twenty different kinds of drama. Polonius's list of categories is nothing compared with ours, which extends from Shakespeare to what actors among themselves call "kitchen comedies," from the cryptic poetry of Mr. T. S. Eliot's theatre to the exuberance of Mr. Christopher Fry's, from the Greek tragedy of the Greeks to the Greek tragedy of the Parisians, from *Ardèle* or *Colombe* to *Reluctant Heroes*, from an expensive revival of Wilde to some shapeless and doleful importation from America, full of disguised commonplaces and unconcealed self-pity. The list might be prolonged, but it will serve to show the number of very different abilities we expect of our actors.

"RAINBOW CORNER" AT R.A.D.A. : This is the nickname the students have given to the notice and timetable board, with its many-coloured tabs, in the entrance hall of the Academy's building in Gower Street. Four pupils are examining it here with Miss Beatrice Allan, the Assistant Registrar.

Let us see what else our hypothetical young man would have to learn, how the various schools would go about teaching him, how long it would take and what it would cost him. To agree on the fundamentals of training is apparently not difficult. All the schools include in their courses of study voice production, diction, phonetics, mime, dancing, fencing, rehearsal classes, the history of drama and the history of theatrical representation. That, it may be thought, is a formidable amount for the unschooled to have to assimilate as they go about learning their job "the practical way" in the ordinary course of earning their living in the theatre. It would certainly seem a useful equipment for those lucky enough to enter the theatre by, as it were, the front door.

(Continued on following page

LEARNING TO BE AN ACTOR *(Cont.)*

THE PRINCIPAL WITH FOUR STUDENTS OF L.A.M.D.A.: The initials stand for the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art. Mr. Michael MacOwan, the Principal, is instructing, from the left, Ingrid Jensen, Lindsay Dyer, Margaret Comora and Elizabeth Burns. Mr. MacOwan is also a distinguished professional producer, whose productions in London's West End include Morgan's *The River Line* and Shaw's *The Apple Cart*.

BALANCED AND CONTROLLED MOVEMENT: This is essential for any student who hopes to be successful on the stage. Walking round a circle of chairs is one of the methods used in his class at the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art by Norman Ayrton (right), one of the tutors. L.A.M.D.A. is limited to sixty students.

THE STANISLAWSKY METHOD: A L.A.M.D.A. cast "enters into the spirit" of a play immediately before performance, as taught by the great Russian. In this case it is Wilder's *The Happy Journey*, with, from left, Pat Archard, Margaret Barton and Gillian Tilbury. Peter Coe, producer, is behind.

TRAINING IN COSTUME DRAMA AT THE WEBBER-DOUGLAS SCHOOL: In the school's "chanticleer" theatre, students are in the dress rehearsal of Colman's eighteenth-century play, *The Jealous Wife*. From the left—Timothy Grey, John Line, Gillian Joseph, Patricia Matthews, Penelope Clark, Jillian Owen, David Dill and Tia Carleton. Like other dramatic schools, the Webber-Douglas provides a two years' course, at a cost of about £180. There is also a shorter course for pupils with some previous stage experience. The potential actor is given the best possible standards with which to compete in his future hazardous profession.

INSTRUCTION ON THE STAGE: Miss Doris Johnstone rehearsing students at the Webber-Douglas School in John Van Druten's *The Damask Cheek*. From left to right—Leonard Fenton, Miss Johnstone, Elizabeth Gordon, Judy Price, Todd Thompson, and Linda Dixon, at the piano. The ages of the pupils in this group vary from eighteen to twenty-six. Previous students include Renée Asherson, Michael Denison, Dulcie Gray and Stewart Grainger.

On left—

LEARNING ALL SIDES OF STAGECRAFT: Two student-electricians in the wings of the Webber-Douglas School—Jennifer Swindell and David Gray. At this school the students not only act in their performances. They also undertake the stage management, lighting, "props" and wardrobe.

(Continued from previous page)

The usual time for an acting course is two years, though it may be more or it may be less. At R.A.D.A. the course of study lasts two years and costs about £190 in fees. At L.A.M.D.A. the two years' course comes to about £190. At the Webber-Douglas School a shorter course is also occasionally provided for students of some experience, but here again the full course, for which the fees are about £180, lasts two years. At the Central School, however, the full course extends over a period of three years, and students taking shorter courses are warned that thus they will be receiving only a part of the complete training. The three years' course at the Central School requires some £270.

LIMBERING-UP AT THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF SPEECH AND DRAMA: Three of the first-year students—from left, Susan Girsling, Ann Jenkins, Shirley Tebbutt, with their instructor, Miss Margaret Rubel. Most dramatic schools teach callisthenics.

A COMMONWEALTH TEAM SETS THE STAGE: Preparing the stage for a performance of *Message from Margaret*, at the Central School. From left to right—Jill Russell, Patrick Mynhardt (both from South Africa), Lewis Davidson (from Canada), Judith Wright, Lawrence Hayes (the Producer) and Viki Brinton (Stage Director). The Central School was made famous by the late Miss Elsie Fogerty, one of the greatest teachers of speech-training.

THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF THEIR LIVES: This is a description which many actors in later life may apply to their student days, if they have had the fortune to be pupils at one of the good London schools. Attention is paid to their welfare as well as their training. *On left*—A group in the canteen at the Central School of Speech and Drama. *On right*—Another picture from the Central School. Three pupils making-up for *Message from Margaret*; Susan Boardman (left), Juliet Wynne (centre) and Pamela Buck.

TEACHER WHO HAS TRAINED GENERATIONS OF ACTORS: Ellen O'Malley marked her silver jubilee last July with the Webber-Douglas School. With her are students John Line, David Dill and Gillian Joseph.

DRAMA STUDENTS IN THE CITY OF LONDON: Two classes at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, which is on the Thames Embankment near the Temple. *On left*—Mr. Sumner Austin, of the professorial staff, checks over the costumes of some members of his opera class before a rehearsal of *Cavalleria Rusticana*. His pupils, from the left, are David Winnard, Sheila Aldrich, Veronica Anderson, William Palmerly and Jane Whitehead. *On right*—A rehearsal is in progress in the studio specially equipped for radio drama. Joyce Peerman, on the left; Mary Mckee, Joan Bockett, Frances Cuka and Marlene Berger, on the right. The Guildhall School was founded as a music academy in 1880. An early Principal was Sir Landon Ronald. The acting side was gradually added in this century. Drama was included in the College's title in 1935.

At the Guildhall School the arrangement is rather ferent. An inclusive course of study—of no specified th, though students must remain in the school at least three consecutive terms—allows for one, perhaps two, personal lessons a week in speech-ning, verse-speaking and drama, together with a tion (to be made by the principal) from a number classes in such subjects as production, acting, e and period movement, make-up, microphone nique and mime and movement. The minimum fee such a course is 20 guineas a term.

The Italia Conti Stage School, which lays stress on its of a method by which the student's individuality is developed, also employs this more elastic curriculum. Being particularly for children, it has naturally to combine with stage training in all forms a general education for its pupils from the age of nine until they take the General School Leaving Certificate. The minimum fee for this combined schooling is £25 a term. For older students, who pay for the full course of stage training £21 a term, there are at least ten stage classes a week.

Stage management, once seemingly reserved for unsuccessful actors, is now recognised as requiring a sense of vocation or at least a modicum of technical training. Nearly all the schools offer some instruction in it. The Central School, indeed, is prepared to devote two years to the teaching of stage management, after a preliminary year, in the case of selected students, of training in acting. Among the subjects to be studied are stage lighting, carpentry, property-making, elementary design, stage-direction and production. At the Webber-Douglas School a point is made of the fact that the students undertake the stage management of all their plays, as well as the lighting, "props," and wardrobe.

The by no means negligible part which broadcasting may play in the actor's life and in providing him with a reasonable living, or even a living at all, has long been acknowledged in most of the schools. Some of them

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LEARNING TO BE AN ACTOR *(Cont.)*

(*Concluded from previous page*)

possess equipment comparable with that in an actual broadcasting studio. Now television has begun to make itself felt in the training of the actor. Several of the schools indicate their willingness to teach the technique of television acting. One of them is in the fortunate position of having the B.B.C. regularly borrow its senior pupils to provide the casts with which television producers in the making can conduct their experiments in production.

A typical day at R.A.D.A. for the beginner would be on the following lines :

10 a.m.—11 a.m.	Diction (girls)
11 ,, —12 ,,	Fencing
12 ,, — 1 p.m.	Voice Production (girls), Diction (men)
1 p.m.— 2 ,,	Lunch
2 ,, — 3 ,,	Acting
3 ,, — 4 ,,	Acting
4 ,, — 4.30 p.m.	Tea
4.30 p.m.—5.30 p.m.	Practice Rehearsal.

On other days there might be periods devoted to make-up, dancing, and speech and movement. For pupils in their second year the day might go.

10 a.m.—11 a.m.	Acting
11 ,, —12 ,,	Acting
12 ,, — 1 p.m.	B.B.C.
1 p.m.— 2 ,,	Lunch
2 ,, — 3 ,,	Voice Production
3 ,, — 3.30 p.m.	Tea
3.30 p.m.—4.30 p.m.	Acting
4.30 ,, —5.30 ,,	Acting.

It will be noticed that whereas in the early days the lessons are mainly in the detached elements of the actor's art, in movements and such subjects as make-up, in the second year the emphasis has shifted to the art as a whole. The stress is on acting and nothing but acting, save that essential to which a good actor will continue to attend for the whole of his career—the proper care of his voice.

The visitor to the acting schools can only envy the students. For a boy or a girl in love with the theatre, what greater happiness could there be than to have a real actor from whom to learn and a real theatre in which to take those first stumbling yet magical steps along the chosen path of make believe, at once so much more real and so much more wonderful than life. The Vanbrugh Theatre is not, of course, the only students' theatre in London. Of the others the best-known is perhaps the Chanticleer Theatre, which belongs to the Webber-Douglas School and is sometimes used by outside producers. The Guildhall School, L.A.M.D.A. and the Central School also have their excellent stages, and R.A.D.A., as a matter of fact, has two.

For most actors their student days may well prove the happiest of their lives, for as one of them once said ruefully, "You think when you go on the stage you 'll always be acting Hamlet." In fact, many an actor goes the whole of his professional life without having the luck to be in one play that makes any demands on him as an artist, as distinct from a competent technician (Dramatic critics, incidentally, and perhaps many other artists, are in much the same boat ; though *Hamlet* comes the way of the critic with remarkable frequency, the thrilling performances, which it is as thrilling to write about as to see, are few and far between.) At any rate, the student's sojourn at his acting school will start him off with respectable standards, however much he may have to lower them in a harsh and makeshift world. There is always the chance that he may not invariably have to lower his standards. The day may come when professional actors will all be men and women who have been educated in their craft and who will bring to the playing of even trumpery parts—which is the usual lot of an actor—at least a dazzling technical accomplishment. But before that day comes the ingenuity of the leaders of the profession will have to find a way by which the unconventional or impecunious genius may not be lost to the stage.

The student going out presently into the big world, which in his case means, as a rule, the big world of the repertory companies, will probably miss the luxuries which a Vanbrugh Theatre has to offer, with its elaborate modern switchboard, ample stage space beside and behind the acting area, and comfortable dressing-rooms. There must be something inspiring, too, in being allowed to wear some jewel or costume from the wardrobe that once belonged to Tree or Forbes-Robertson, and in the pleasing fancy that not only literally has the mantle come down to one.

The profession is generous to beginners. Many of the leading actors feel a deep responsibility for the proper training of the novice and take the liveliest interest in the various schools. Past students, and some, too, who are now famous and were never at any acting school, present costumes, books, historic papers, theatrical relics, money for prizes, and sometimes considerable sums with which to help in the maintenance of needy but promising students. Sometimes a London management or a repertory theatre will award a contract to a likely performer at the annual school matinee. So it may be seen that the theatre as a whole is fully alive to the fact that half its future, at any rate—for no one has yet found a way to make good playwrights, and these we need most of all—is in the hands of the boys and girls in the acting schools to-day

TWO SIDES OF THE TRAINING AT THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL : *On left*—Miss Margaret Leonard instructs Elizabeth Portsmouth, in the art of make-up. *On right*—Miss Norah Scott-Turner gives a singing-lesson to Olive Quantrill. Pauline Howgill is at the piano and Elizabeth Corden is playing the clarinet. The Guildhall has both full-time and part-time students.

THE SCHOOL WHERE CHILDREN ARE PREPARED FOR THE STAGE : At the Italia Conti School pupils can be given a general as well as stage education, from nine to the School Leaving Certificate age. *On left*—Miss Ruby Hilary teaches her class the technique of songs for Christmas. *Above*—Three of the younger students watch a senior pupil, Miss Daphne Thompson, pack her bag.

STARS OF THE FUTURE BENEATH STARS OF TO-DAY : These Conti students are, from the left, Caroline Wootten, Janet Smith, Janet Don, Patricia Wraight, Strona Martell and Daphne Thompson. The pictures above them are of famous ex-pupils. Among the best-known are Noël Coward, Gertrude Lawrence, Jack Hawkins and Richard Todd.

EXERCISES FOR BALLET : Miss Ruby Hilary corrects Daphne Thompson, an advanced ballet student, at the barre, with other pupils looking on. Children as young as four-and-a-half can begin their stage training at the Conti School with lessons once a week. There is also a senior department for adults.

NOBEL AWARDS PRESENTATION

The King of Sweden Gives this Year's Awards to the Prize-winners or Their Representatives at a Ceremony in Stockholm

With all the ceremony that has now become associated with the occasion, King Gustaf VI Adolf of Sweden presented this year's Nobel Prizes at the Concert Hall in Stockholm. The prize-winners were Professor Max Born, formerly of Gottingen and Edinburgh Universities (Physics); Professor Walther Bothe, of Heidelberg University (Physics); Professor Linus C. Pauling, of the California Institute of Technology (Chemistry); Professor John F. Enders, Professor Frederick C. Robbins and Professor Thomas H. Weller, all of the Boston Children's Hospital, who shared the prize for Physiology and Medicine; and Mr. Ernest Hemingway (Literature). Because of illness, Professor Bothe and Mr. Hemingway did not attend.

Professor Born was honoured for his fundamental research in quantum physics. Professor Bothe for the coincidence method for measuring time with extreme accuracy. Dr. Pauling was awarded his prize for his researches into the forces holding molecules together. The joint-holders of the Medicine and Physiology prize were honoured for "their vaccine, which has become one of the most effective weapons in the fight against poliomyelitis, pneumonia, and other virus infections. Mr. Hemingway was awarded the Literature prize for "his powerful style-forming mastery of the art of modern narration, as most lately revealed in his novel, *The Old Man and the Sea.*"

THE PRESIDENT OF THE NOBEL FOUNDATION SPEAKS AT THE CEREMONY: Dr. Birger Ekeberg, who is also Sweden's Lord High Chamberlain, delivering his speech at the Concert Hall in Stockholm, where King Gustaf presented this year's Nobel Prizes. Behind Dr. Ekeberg sit five of the recipients; two others were prevented by illness from attending.

RECEIVING THE AWARD ON BEHALF OF HER FATHER: Mrs. Elena Riedel, daughter of Professor Walther W. Bothe, receiving the Nobel award from King Gustaf. Professor Bothe, from Heidelberg, was one of the two Physics prize winners.

THE PROUD WIVES OF THE PRIZE-WINNERS: From left are Mrs. Alice Robbins, Mrs. Thomas H. Weller, Miss Sarah Enders with her mother, and Mrs. Hedwig Born. The date of the ceremony, December 10, is known as Nobel Day.

RECIPIENTS OF THE AWARDS: From left are Professor Linus Pauling; Mr. Cabot, the American Ambassador, who received Mr. Ernest Hemingway's award; Professor Thomas H. Weller; Professor Frederick C. Robbins; Professor John F. Enders; and Professor Max Born.

AFTER THE PRIZE-GIVING CEREMONY, THE BANQUET: On their way to the banquet after the ceremony in the Concert Hall, Professor Pauling is seer escorting Princess Sibylla, and Professor Born is with Princess Margaretha

THE STORM-DAMAGED SCARBOROUGH LIFEBOAT TAKES TO THE WATER ONCE AGAIN: *On left* is the scene as the lifeboat is brought ashore after the tragedy on the night of December 9, when three members of the crew lost their lives. The lifeboat was given a thorough inspection and repairs were made. *On right*—With several new crew members on board, the lifeboat, *E.C.J.R.*, is launched again. This trial run was held to allow the new members of the crew to become accustomed to their duties. The tragedy occurred after the lifeboat was returning to Scarborough Harbour after five hours at sea on escort duty. Within sight of the harbour she overturned and three members of her crew were washed overboard. Despite heroic efforts by rescuers, the men died.

LIFEBOATS, TANKERS, AND MINI-SUBS

Recent News Pictures of Maritime Developments in this Country and the United States of America

THE "BRITISH BUILDER" REACHES SUNDERLAND AFTER ONE OF THE LONGEST TOWS IN NAUTICAL HISTORY: The tanker is seen at the end of her 9,700-mile-tow from Western Australia where she broke down.

THE TANKER DISCHARGES HER CARGO BEFORE GOING TO SUNDERLAND: The *British Builder* in the Thames Estuary, where she had visited the Isle of Grain oil refinery. The tanker was disabled by a broken crank shaft when about 200 miles off Cape Leeuwin, South-West Australia, last August. It was decided that the vessel should be brought back to England so that repairs could be carried out by the ship's builders, William Doxford & Sons. The *British Builder* was towed by another tanker, the *British Merit*, to Aden where she took on a cargo of oil for the Isle of Grain, and was towed this time by the *British Baron* which also carried oil, to the Isle of Wight, where tugs took over.

AND NOW THE TWO-SEAT MINI-SUB: This picture from Azusa, in California, shows the test pilot, Mr. Harold Osborne, at the controls of the two-seat version of the Mini-Sub. The original single-seat version was illustrated in *The Sphere* last year. *On left*—The Mini-Sub appears distorted as it travels under water. This unique craft has been developed as an interesting sideline by the Aerojet General Corporation, the world's largest manufacturers of rocket motors. The Mini-Sub, far from being rocket-propelled, is powered only by foot pedals worked by the pilot. By this method a top speed of just over seven miles per hour can be reached. The craft is intended to assist in the study of marine life, and underwater geology and photography. Another device manufactured by Aerojet is the Aquaped, which enables a person to double his under-water swimming speed.

THE PROPOSED SITES FOR IMPORTANT NEW BUILDINGS AT BRIGHTON: The Town Council have sanctioned the construction of new police headquarters and magistrates' courts at an estimated cost of £250,000. They have chosen the cleared bombed site in the foreground of this picture, situated in Edward Street, between William and John Streets, and the plans have been submitted to the Government. This is in accordance with the Borough's development plans and is in preference to the existing Market Street site, as suggested by the Watch Committee. It was felt that the use of the Market Street site would prevent the complete re-development of this site, when the new Town Hall is built on land along Pavilion Parade. This thoroughfare, seen in the picture *on right*, runs at the bottom of Edward Street.

IN SUSSEX BY THE SEA

Building Developments in the Popular Seaside Resorts of Brighton and Hove

On left—

A "REGENCY" HOUSE BUILT IN 1954: Captain Ralph de Besso's house, which stands alongside Victorian houses in Osborne Villas, Hove, is said to be the first Regency house to be built in the town for 100 years. To get the exact spirit of the Regency in his small house, Captain de Besso spent hours in the Royal Pavilion at Brighton, studying types of decoration and furniture. He eventually decided to combine the Regency style with that of the West Indies, where he lived for many years. An American-type kitchen is installed in the house. Now Captain de Besso plans to build other "Regency" houses.

IMPROVEMENTS AT THE SUSSEX CRICKET GROUND: Work in progress on the construction of a "long room" in the pavilion at the Club ground at Hove. This work forms part of the alterations which are being made in order to increase the seating capacity of the ground and to add to the comfort of the members and spectators. In the south-east corner of the ground a combined mound and terracing is being constructed (seen in the picture *on right*), which will enable 1,000 more people to watch the game. There will be seven rows of seats in this section. This means that the capacity of the ground for the next season will be increased to 15,000 spectators.

THE LONDONER'S CHRISTMAS—DECORATIONS AT EUSTON STATION : The Great Hall at Euston, which, like all London termini, has been specially decorated for the season. There are six 6-ft. Christmas-trees and three coloured lanterns suspended from the balcony. The trees, which are illuminated with fairy-lights and are generously decorated, are hung with presents for children's hospitals. These have been contributed by the staff of the refreshment rooms at the station. Passengers at Euston are also invited to contribute their own presents. In the centre is a statue of George Stephenson. On the steps beyond it the choir of the London Midland staff gave a carol concert, part of which was broadcast. This year public authorities and commercial enterprises have combined to make the Londoner's Christmas more gay and colourful than ever.

THE DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Christmas-trees and Other Decorations are Put Up in London and Berlin ; Seasonal Entertainment is Provided in Church, in the Theatre, and in the Circus ; and Traditional Figures are Carved in Bavaria

CHRISTMAS-TREE AT THE IRON CURTAIN : A West German policeman and a Customs official decorate their Christmas-tree at the frontier post which divides West Berlin from the Soviet Zone.

A NATIVITY PLAY FROM DARTMOOR PRISON : A scene from *The Three Kings*, which was written for Dartmoor and first produced there last year, and which was performed this Christmas at the Church of St. Thomas, Regent Street, London. King Melchior (played by the author of the play, George Hall) is seen presenting gold to Mary (played by Teresa Jewel) ; Balthazar and Joseph look on. There was a cast of twenty-five, and five ex-convicts were associated with the London production. Miss Dorothy Green, who has been connected with the stage for more than fifty years, gave an outstanding performance.

THE TRADITIONAL CARVINGS FROM OBERAMMERGAU : The children press their faces to the window to watch Josef Niklas, who is eighty-four, working on his carvings of Christmas figures in his workshop at Oberammergau. From this Bavarian village, famed for its Passion play, come these figures depicting the Holy Family, manger scenes, the Magi and other characters in the Christmas story.

NORWAY'S NOW TRADITIONAL CHRISTMAS GIFT TO LONDON IS SET UP: What has become an annual tradition, the Norwegian Christmas-tree, presented by the people of Oslo to London, is seen being erected in Trafalgar Square. Casting its reflection in the fountain pool is the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. The tree's illuminations are a great attraction, and provide one of the main features of London's Christmas decorations. This year, as in the past, members of musical societies and choirs sing carols each day round the base of the 53-ft. tree.

GIVING THEMSELVES AIRS AND GRACES: Some of the dancers, backstage, who took part in a display of dancing, called *Airs and Graces*, which was held at the Scala Theatre, London, in aid of the Forces Help Society. The pupils of four dancing schools participated in a varied programme which included scenes from the ballet, solos and duets, an exhibition of ballroom dancing, and a fairy ballet, *The Dancing Princess*. Professional assistance was given by the Ballet Rambert and Miss Phyllis Haylor.

THE QUEEN'S GIFT TO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: Boys from the St. Paul's Choir School cluster round the Christmas-tree, just inside the Cathedral, presented by the Queen. The Queen's gift follows the custom established by King George V in 1935. The tree is one of two from Windsor; the other is set up in the porch outside St. Paul's. Visitors to St. Paul's Cathedral are invited to leave toys at the foot of the trees for sick and poor children.

THE CIRCUS ARRIVES IN TOWN: Children who have secured the best vantage points watch the animals belonging to the Bertram Mills Circus arriving at Olympia station. This circus, now in its twenty-eighth season, is again in London, complete with tigers, bears, elephants, high-wire walkers, jugglers, trapeze artists and acrobats. This year the clowns, including Coco, are taking part in a real old-fashioned "wet-water" comedy. The present programme contains seventeen acts never before seen at Olympia.

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF EVENTS IN THE WEEKS BEFORE CHRISTMAS

On left—

THE NORFOLK REGIMENT IS WELCOMED HOME: On their return from service in Korea, the 1st Battalion, the Royal Norfolk Regiment, is officially welcomed in Norwich. In this picture the battalion is marching past the City Hall on the way to the Cathedral, where a service was held. The salute is being taken by H.M. Lieutenant for Norfolk (Lieut.-Colonel Sir Edmund Bacon). On the left is the Guildhall. The Regiment spent a year on active service in Korea from October, 1951. They were then stationed in Hong Kong, from where they left for home the month before last.

THREATS TO SPOIL A CORNISH BEAUTY SPOT: Lamorna Valley runs down to the coast of Cornwall. A project has been proposed for the building of a number of houses and the establishment of a caravan site in it. This has led to widespread protests, some of them from distinguished British artists. It is pointed out that Lamorna Valley is steep and wooded and that building here would mean the felling of the trees which contribute so much to its beauty. Further, as can be seen from the picture, the boulders on the beach make landings extremely difficult.

ARTIST IN SEARCH OF CHRISTMAS SUNSHINE: Augustus John is seen at London Airport just before boarding a Viscount airliner for Spain. He intends to spend a painting holiday there over Christmas.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS AND JOHN MILLS AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICE TO SIR GEORGE ROBEY: The service, which was held in St. Paul's Cathedral, was attended by members of the theatrical profession and by many other people. The Bishop of Stepney gave an address, and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks read the Lesson.

SERIOUS FIRE IN SUNDERLAND : The scene as firemen struggle to control the fire which broke out at Joplings' departmental store in Sunderland last week. There were no casualties, but the damage was estimated at more than £1,000,000. The fire, which broke out in the middle of the night, was the largest of this century in Sunderland, and at one time, 3,800 gallons of water per minute were being directed at it.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS : Prince Philip is shaking hands with Lady Fleming. On the extreme right is Sir Alexander Fleming. The Royal Society of Arts Bicentenary Reception was held at St. James's Palace. The Duke of Edinburgh, who is President of the Society, was accompanied by Lieut.-Commander Michael Parker.

On left—

COPING WITH THE CHRISTMAS RUSH AT MOUNT PLEASANT : Sorters, dwarfed by the huge pile of parcels before them, do their utmost to ensure that the many parcels and letters reach their destination in time for Christmas. Despite the enormity and seeming hopelessness of the task, only rarely does a parcel fail to reach the addressee by Christmas.

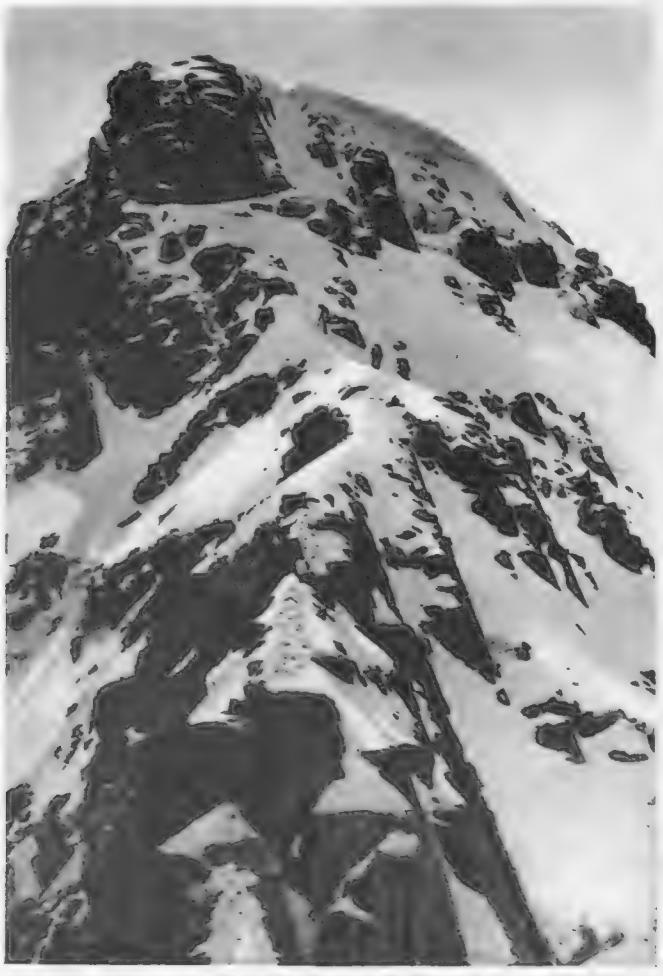
Below—

REPAIRING A TECHNICAL HITCH WITH A BLIZZARD BLOWING : Rarely have B.B.C. engineers been put to such discomfort by a technical hitch. The engineers are seen digging their way through snow to reach a television transmitting link on School Hill in Kincardineshire. A technical fault at this station delayed the opening of the long-awaited Aberdeen television service for twenty-four hours. In a temporary studio at Aberdeen, the Lord Provost and other Scottish and B.B.C. officials were waiting to open the programme, but the fault could not be repaired in time.

CHRISTMASTIDE DUCK-SHOOT IN KENT : Seen during the shoot, which was held at Somerhill Estate, the Tonbridge home of Sir Henry D'Avigdor Goldsmid, are, from left : Mrs. T. Fairfax-Ross, of Cuckfield, on a shooting-stick ; Brigadier T. Fairfax-Ross ; and five of the six guns taking part in the shoot : Sir Henry D'Avigdor Goldsmid, Sir Derrick Inglefield-Watson, the Hon. Fiennes Cornwallis, Colonel T. Joynson and Mr. John McGrath. The shoot, held by the South-Eastern Gun Dog Society at the invitation of Sir Henry, was the Society's first open field trial of 1954.

MOUNTAINEERS' CHRISTMAS

The Increasing Popularity of Mountaineering is Leading More Climbers to the Scottish Peaks this Christmas



THE HIGHEST POINT IN BRITAIN IS A NEVER-FAILING ATTRACTION: A party of climbers pauses on Tower Ridge of Ben Nevis before starting the final ascent. Ben Nevis, above Fort William, in Inverness-shire, Scotland, is 4,406 ft. high, the loftiest peak in the British Isles. The track made by mountaineers can be followed in this picture along the rocks in the foreground to the summit in the centre background. On Christmas Day this year more climbers than usual are expected for the traditional "First Footing" of the mountain. Reaching the summit in winter is one of the stiffest ordeals for a climber in Britain. Indeed, Scotland is increasingly popular with mountaineers, and Christmas Day will see them pitting their skill against peaks from the Grampians to the mountains of the Isle of Skye.

HIGHER THAN ANY OF HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS IN BRITAIN: A climber stands at the 4,406-ft. peak of Ben Nevis. At this time of year the Alpinist could expect little harder in the way of conditions as the snow piles deeper. The mountaineer is looking down precipices which drop 1,500 ft.

When the twenty-seven-year-old Edward Whymper scaled the Matterhorn in 1867, he opened to youth the new adventure of mountaineering. Since he was a wood engraver by trade, he could never have intended it to become, as it did for a time, a recreation chiefly for the moneyed class.

To-day any young man or woman in Britain can share the thrill of ascending to little-explored heights, which Whymper found in so many parts of the globe. It is not in the least expensive to mountaineer in the Scottish Highlands, and here there are peaks which in winter demand an Alpine discipline. This Christmas probably more young climbers than ever before are pitting their skill against the Highland summits, from the Grampians to the Isle of Skye. Ben Nevis, above Fort William on the Caledonian Canal, is certainly having a full complement of "first footers," and something of what they undertake can be seen from the pictures on this page. In the Grampians the Scottish Youth Hostels Association is taking a step forward in popularising this range as a winter sports centre. The Association is offering ski-ing courses at Glen Isla for £5 5s. a week—the cost including accommodation, food and expert tuition. In Glen Coe rock-climbers are gathering for their usual ordeals.

The Coolins of the Isle of Skye have the reputation of being a rock-climbers' paradise, but they have not often been photographed in winter. Here again the pictures show the conditions under which a rising number of young men and women hope to enjoy their Christmas and carry on the Whymper tradition in British mountaineering.

SKIERS ON THE HIGH GRAMPIANS: Cairns have been built so that climbers can relax and rest from the onslaught of the wind. The Scottish Youth Hostels Association has started a ski-ing course in these mountains which costs participants only 5 guineas a week.

THE PEAKS OF THE ISLE OF SKYE IN WINTER: Climbers have not often been photographed on them at this time of year. But this Christmas they are attracting some of the increasingly large band of Britain's mountaineers. *On left*—A picture which is a lesson to all who essay high ranges in any part of the world. It will be noticed how carefully the climber is making his way up the rock-face. *On right*—The Bhasteir Tooth in the winter, when the Skye Coolins require Alpine training.

IN THE SNOWS OF CANADA

Pictures of an Important Defence Exercise Recently Held in the Frozen Wastes of North Canada

A MILITARY EXERCISE IN SUB-ARCTIC CONDITIONS: A Canadian medical unit prepares for action in "Exercise Bulldog," based on Fort Churchill, on the north-west of Hudson Bay, below the 60th Parallel. Some 300 miles to the north "enemy" paratroopers made a surprise attack on one of Canada's chain of weather and radar stations.

It is now accepted as a military truism that any future war between the Great Powers will be fought on a global scale. With the development of so many modern weapons no part of the world would be immune. The Arctic might very well become a theatre of operations. It would not be a major battlefield, but an enemy could attempt diversionary actions there with the object of drawing off opposing troops from the vital theatres in Europe.

The North Atlantic Military Command is fully aware of this possible threat. In the north of Canada are radar and weather stations which would give first warning in the event of an enemy air attack over the North Pole. It is appreciated that one of the first aims of the enemy would be to silence these report stations by surprise attack. Thus, he might himself be able to establish refuelling points in the frozen wastes, which would enable his aircraft to fly still further on their raids. In recent years a number of exercises have been held to test the Canadian northern defences. The last of these, which concluded a fortnight ago, was Exercise "Bulldog Two."

In this exercise the "enemy" took by surprise a radar station on the north-west of Hudson Bay. About 300 miles to the south the defenders were concentrated at Fort Churchill. One of the important lessons learnt was that Arctic weather conditions of blizzard and high winds do not lend themselves to counter-attack by paratroops. However, this meant that all the equipment could be given a thorough testing.

AN EXPERIMENTAL VEHICLE: This mobile pack tracked vehicle, which can carry over 600 lb., was employed for the first time during the exercise.

PARATROOPERS IN SUB-ZERO WEATHER: A private of the Royal Canadian Regiment helps another load his parachute kit. The weather was so bad that seven times in four days paratroop drops by the defence against the "enemy invaders" had to be cancelled.

ARCTIC TRANSPORT IN OLD AND NEW STYLES: A dog team and sledge, driven by an Eskimo, has met one of the Canadian Army's Penguin carriers. With the weather preventing paratroop attacks, the ground equipment was thoroughly tested.

SOLDIERS IN THEIR ARCTIC KIT: A patrol reconnoitres in the frozen wastes. They are wearing parka suits, two pairs of trousers and boots known as mukluks. Some of the Arctic clothing was produced by the Ministry of Supply in London.

STARTING UP THE SKI-MOBILE: This is another of the new Arctic vehicles tested for the first time in Exercise "Bulldog Two." One of the major lessons of the exercise was the importance of mobile ground vehicles to repel any attack from the Arctic.

THE LAUNCH OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST WARSHIP: The United States Navy's giant new aircraft-carrier U.S.S. *Forrestal* is edged by tugs into her new berth after her launching at Newport News, in Virginia. She will take another year to complete and when ready for service will have a displacement of 60,000 tons, and will have cost about £70,000,000. The launching ceremony was performed by Mrs. James Forrestal, the widow of the former United States Secretary of Defence, after whom the ship is named.

A SHIP WHICH COULD HOLD THE TWO LARGEST CUNARDERS: According to U.S. statisticians, the *Queen Mary* and the *Queen Elizabeth* could be fitted side by side on the *Forrestal's* flight-deck—if such an operation were possible. She is the widest and longest ship ever built, but one disadvantage is that she cannot go through the Panama Canal.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST WARSHIP

The United States Navy's 60,000-tons Attack Aircraft-Carrier "Forrestal" is Launched at Newport News

THE SHIP IS CHRISTENED: Mrs. Forrestal breaks a bottle of champagne on the bows and names the carrier after her husband, who was the first U.S. Defence Secretary. On the left is Mrs. Byrnes Macdonald (matron of honour), and behind her, in spectacles, is Mr. Robert Stevens, U.S. Secretary of the Army. In the right foreground of the group stands Mr. William E. Blewett, President of the Newport News Shipbuilding Company, and behind Mrs. Forrestal is her son, Michael. Officers and shipyard workers looked on. Three other carriers of this class are either already building or authorised, and a fourth may eventually be laid down.

DECK FROM WHICH THE MOST POWERFUL AIRCRAFT WILL FLY: The *Forrestal* will launch from her steam catapults the heaviest strike aircraft, capable of carrying nuclear bombs. The launching of the *Forrestal* has added to the controversy regarding the right size for carriers in modern warfare. The U.S. Navy seems to pin its faith on large attack carriers. However, the Royal Navy tends to the view that smaller carriers are more effective. The largest Royal Navy carriers are of 36,800 tons.

The largest warship ever built, the United States Navy's attack aircraft-carrier, U.S.S. *Forrestal*, now lies in a berth in the yard at Newport News, in Virginia. She was launched ier this month by Mrs. James Forrestal, the widow of the United States Secretary of Defence. The ship is named r him. The completion of her fitting will take the best part nother year.

The *Forrestal* displaces 60,000 tons and is the longest and est ship ever to be constructed. One drawback is that she will be able to pass through the Panama Canal. Her flight-deck is about 80 ft. longer than that provided in the largest existing American carriers, and from this the heaviest carrier-based naval aircraft will be launched by steam catapults. They will be able to carry atom and other nuclear bombs. She has larger elevators and higher hangars than any other ship, and television apparatus will aid aircraft in landing. One other Forrestal-class carrier is already being built, the U.S.S. *Saratoga*, two more are authorised and a fifth may be added to this class.

The American naval authorities do not anticipate that so large a ship will be especially vulnerable in modern war. Admiral Carney, Chief of Naval Operations, has declared that she will be an "obscure target for detection and effective attack," and that "with her guided missile companions she will offer a formidable defence against any weapons now on the drawing-boards or even on the horizon." However, the Royal Navy has not so far shown enthusiasm for monster carriers. Britain's largest carrier—H.M.S. *Eagle*—has 36,800 tons displacement. British policy seems to be to build smaller carriers, which would disperse the target and also give greater mobility to the aircraft embarked in them, thus increasing their striking power.

CONTRASTS FOR THE HOLIDAYMAKER IN SOUTH AFRICA: *Left*—A day on the surf-washed beach at Plettenburg Bay, and, *on right*, motorists photographing a lion in the Kruger National Park. This particular National Park in South Africa is the most famous of the animal reserves in the country, and the visitor in a car is able to approach very close to the animals. Lions have even been known to study their reflections in the car's polished surface, lick the headlamps and look in the windows.

The Sphere of Travel

HOLIDAY-MAKING IN SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA

A Voyage to Lands of Sunshine with Ports of Call at Places of Interest. In the Great Game Sanctuaries of South and East Africa Unique Sights Await the Traveller

By GORDON COOPER

THERE are many excellent reasons for making a holiday trip to South and East Africa. If you travel by sea, the voyage alone provides a perfect form of relaxation, and by the west coast route, between Madeira and the Cape, you can be sure of having smooth seas and constant warm sunshine. Then, should you decide to make a round tour of the African continent, your ship will call at a number of interesting and colourful east coast ports, such as Mozambique, Dar-es-Salaam, Zanzibar and Mombasa, whose very names bring back many thrilling memories linked with the opening-up of the interior, and where you can still see exquisite examples of Arab culture. Last year, in these pages, I described the various ports encountered on a round-Africa tour; now I am taking you to some of the great game sanctuaries or national parks which have been established in the Union of South Africa, the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland, and the East African territories of Tanganyika, Kenya and Uganda.

IN THE WANKIE GAME RESERVE: Sable antelopes seen standing at the water's edge at the reserve in the north-west corner of Southern Rhodesia. This game reserve is open to the public from June 1 to November 30. It is situated close to the Victoria Falls.

These animal kingdoms, where wild life is preserved, are open to visitors, and in many cases there are comfortable accommodation facilities. They can usually be easily reached from a main centre, yet once you are within their boundaries you find yourself in a new kind of world where the human element shrinks into utter insignificance. I can, indeed, think of no better way of getting to know the indefinable lure of the real Africa than to include an excursion to one or other of these parks during your African journey.

Most famous of these animal reserves is the Kruger National Park, which lies in the North-Eastern Transvaal and whose main centre at Skukuza is about 300 miles from Pretoria or Johannesburg. The connecting road is excellent all the way. The park is of considerable area, nearly 8,000 sq. miles, being 200 miles long by 40 miles wide, and it is criss-crossed by over 1,000 miles of road between grazing grounds and waterholes. In addition to Skukuza, there are more than a dozen other rest camps of varying size, so that the visitor who has the time can get a rich variety of experiences in seeing and photographing the many species of South Africa's wild fauna, including elephant—the meticulous insist this spelling is correct for the plural, and not *elephants*—and lions

There is an unforgettable thrill when you turn a corner of the road and come upon a pride of lions sunning themselves before you. In the presence of a car, lions are lazy, good-natured cats. But once outside the car—one of the rules of the Park is that you must not get out of your car when on the road—man becomes the ancient enemy to be attacked. Elephant, however, should be left strictly alone, for although they are a joy to watch, they are easily stampeded, and should you by any chance encounter a "rogue," then my advice is to escape as quickly as possible from his presence.

Should you, however, feel that escape is impossible, then take my tip, based on personal experience, and stop your car (or yourself on foot) at the base of as great a tree as you can find near by. The elephant, fortunately, has poor eyesight when looking straight ahead, but only moderately poor when looking half-front. Thus he cannot distinguish the nature of a stationary obstacle right in front of him nor even pick out an obstacle at all until close to it, so that if travelling at speed, he comes up close and swerves. Thus in a stampede, if one freezes, there is more danger from the wings, especially the left wing, than from an elephant coming straight at one, with a hefty tree to back one up. Don't think, however, this kind of experience is likely to come your way.

There are other wild life areas in the Union of South Africa, two of which merit brief mention: the Hluhluwe Game Reserve and the Addo National Park. The former, some 180 miles northwards from Durban, is famous for being, I believe, the only place in the world where you can see the rare white rhino living under natural conditions. The white rhino is a bigger creature than his more common cousin the black rhino, but both these huge creatures, like the elephant, have poor sight and a keen sense of hearing and smell, and they can turn vicious should you chance to come within short range of them. Apart from the rhino, there are many other types of animals in this reserve, especially various species of buck. Rest camp accommodation is available.

The Addo National Park is quite close (36 miles) to Port Elizabeth, from which it is reached by a good road. This is the home of a herd of elephant living right on the doorstep of modern civilisation. Their survival so far south is something of a mystery, and their isolation has brought amongst the members of the small herd some curious changes in their tusks and body structure on account of their environment.

North of the Union, in the north-west corner of Southern Rhodesia, is the 5,000-sq.-mile Wankie Game Reserve. The animals here are not tame, the country is rugged and uninhabited, and visitors must take every precaution not to excite dangerous game such as buffalo, rhino, lion—or elephant, of which there are about 2,000 in number. Some people, however, may prefer to see wild life in less domesticated surroundings than those existing in the Kruger National Park. At the same time I would point out that scenically the Reserve at Wankie is dull, most of it being flat mopani veld. There is rest-house accommodation available, but advance booking is essential, for it is strictly limited.

For those who prefer scenery, there is the Inyanga National Park in the Inyanga district (Eastern Rhodesia). The property was bequeathed by Cecil Rhodes to the people of Southern Rhodesia, and I regard it as being quite the loveliest part of the country. There is good trout-fishing, but nothing in the way of wild game.

There are other game-watching parks elsewhere in Northern Rhodesia, but accommodation for visitors is limited. It is always feasible, however, to arrange a camping tour, which is perhaps the best way of all to holiday in Africa—in the dry season, of course. Also, in this vast territory, there is the Luangwa Valley Game Reserve, which teems with wild game of every description, but it is hardly a sanctuary, for it is used for conducted hunting parties, each member of which pays around £560 for an eighteen-day safari. Bookings

LOOKING DOWN ON THE WATERFRONT AT DURBAN: This South African city enjoys a sub-tropical climate, and has a good selection of hotels along its Marine Parade.

are so heavy, mostly from Americans, that membership on these hunting trips is booked up for years ahead.

"Darkest Africa in fairest mood" is my nostalgic memory of Nyasaland, a territory seldom visited by tourists, although it is not really difficult to enter. Nowhere else in the world have I seen peaks so reminiscent of the Black Coolins, in the Isle of Skye. A lovely country, where, too, a new National Park has recently been created at Kota Kota, beside Lake Nyasa. There are, however, as yet no tourist facilities.

Next we come to Tanganyika Territory, where there is, on the Serengeti Plains and in its adjoining Ngorongoro Crater, without a doubt, the greatest concentration of game in the world to be seen. A recommended centre is the Ngorongoro Crater Rest Camp—a group of about twenty log cabins, in the most wonderful natural setting. The floor of the crater, one of the greatest in the world, is 12 miles across and lies 2,000 ft. below the precipitous

(Continued at foot of following page)

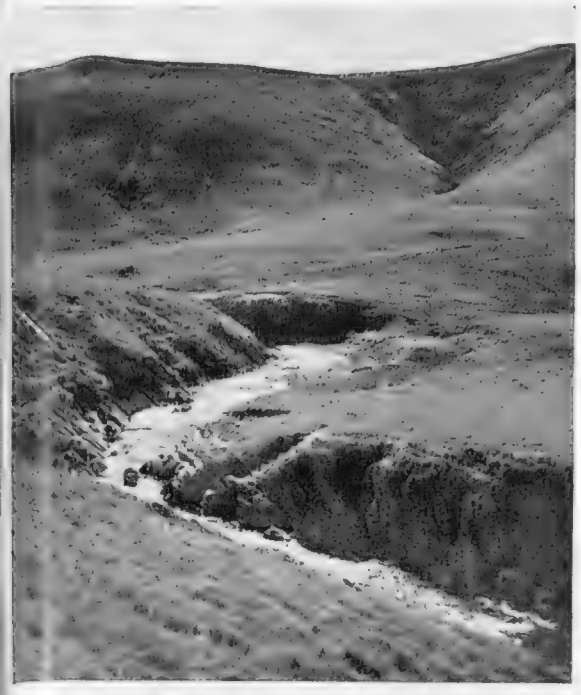
USEFUL ADDRESSES

South African Tourist Corporation, 70, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Office of the High Commissioner for Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Rhodesia House, Strand, W.C.2.

East African Office, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2.

Union-Castle Mail Steamship Co., Ltd., 3, Fenchurch Street, E.C.3.



THE UPPER WYE

Exploring the Upper Reaches of this Attractive River in the Heart of Wales, where the Source of the Wye is to be Found, and its Upper Valleys Provide the Tourist with Magnificent Views

By J. ALLEN CASH

On left—
NEAR THE SOURCE OF THE RIVER WYE : The river winding its way down the side of Plynlimon, whose ridge can be seen in the background. The Wye, whose source is on the mountain, has already taken a definite shape, and will soon join the River Tarenig near the little bridge at Llangurig, a few miles downstream.

On right—
THROUGH THE FERTILE VALLEYS OF THE UPPER WYE : The river continues its winding course through the broad valley near the village of Llangurig, an attractive little place which makes a good centre for exploring the Wye near its source. Near by there is also some good fishing.

The Wye is surely one of the loveliest rivers in all England and Wales. These countries do indeed abound in beautiful rivers, but invariably there is some town or village, or perhaps a modern factory, to cast a blemish on the otherwise untarnished setting. Not so the River Wye.

The Wye is a great river which links the farming country of England's South Midlands with the rugged mountains in the heart of Wales, and it can be conveniently explored from many different parts of the country. There is the Upper Wye, for instance. A visit there takes one to the source of the river on Plynlimon. This mountain is best approached from the road at Eisteddfa Gurig. The route, passing an old lead mine, is well sign-posted, but finding the way to the river's source once the climber has reached the top of Plynlimon is a more difficult matter. There is a walk of about a mile in an easterly direction across the grassy slopes of the mountain, and a good compass and an Ordnance Survey map comes in useful at this stage.

The visitor who has reached the source of the Wye on Plynlimon will find ample reward for his perseverance. There are some magnificent views, for to the north there is the majestic Snowdon block with Cader Idris a little more to the west. The endless peaks of the "southern highlands of Wales" can be seen across the mountain ridges and the deep valleys. And if the sky is clear and the sun is in the right direction the Irish Sea can be seen gleaming across Cardigan Bay.

From the hills near by on the north side of the Aberystwyth Road, about two miles above the little bridge near Llangurig, the course of the Wye can be followed almost from its source until it disappears into the hills beyond Llangurig. These hills provide a shorter, though stiffer climb than the one to Plynlimon, for they rise only 400 to 500 ft. above the road, though steeply. From the top one can look down into the valley of the Wye, with its track to the old lead mines, and across to the towering bulk of Plynlimon. Far below the point where the river joins the Tarenig, near the little bridge, the valley stretches into the purple distance before disappearing into the hills.

Leaving Llangurig, the main road enters a broad valley where the hills are greener and less rugged. About seven miles from Llangurig is the meeting of the Wye and the Afton Marteg beneath the bare and rugged mass of Gemallt, with its magnificent gorge. Here are trees and rock, running water and towering hills; and it is easy to get to the river, where there are rocks and small patches of grass close to the water which make ideal spots for picnics.

Further south, down the river, is the little grey town of Rhayader, an excellent centre for excursions into the hills and valleys round about. The finest of these must surely be the Elan Valley.

The River Elan is a sizeable tributary which joins the Wye about three miles below Rhayader. In the valley are the four giant reservoirs built for the city of Birmingham. Far from ruining the scenery, the man-made lakes have done no more than change it. This is, indeed, one of the most famous tourist spots in the whole area.

The visitor to the Upper Wye can, if he is in a hurry, cover all the ground I have mentioned in a couple of days. But such countryside is not for speeding through in a great hurry. The days are all too short for exploring the valleys, climbing the hills, resting peacefully close to the water and discovering the real beauties of the Upper Wye.

ONE OF THE RESERVOIRS IN THE ELAN VALLEY : The Peny-Careg Reservoir, one of the four built for the Birmingham Water Works in this beautiful valley. As can be seen, these man-made lakes have in no way impaired the natural attractiveness of the valley, which is extremely popular with the tourists.

(Continued from below on left)

...here thousands of animals make their home throughout the year, and from the rest camp they can be watched with glasses.

Across the border, in Kenya, the two most important national parks are the Royal Nairobi National Park and the Royal Tsavo National Park. The former is unique in that it is literally on the doorstep of a city, being only three miles distant from Nairobi. As in the Kruger National Park, the wild game here have grown accustomed to human visitors. The main stronghold for game in Kenya is, however, that at Tsavo, through which runs the main railway from Mombasa to Nairobi. Colonel Paterson, in his famous book, *The Man-eaters of Tsavo*, vividly describes the aggressive operations of the maneating lions.) To-day peace reigns in Tsavo Park, and even the most casual visitor will see more than enough to satisfy him. Accommodation is available in safari lodges, and there are two good hotels—at Voi and at Kilaguni Andei—which provide expert guide services and transportation of short tours in the Park.

Finally, there is Uganda, which has the Queen Elizabeth Park and the Murchison Falls National Park. The former park lies on the extreme west of Uganda just south of the Ruwenzori Range and adjoins the Parc National Albert of the Belgian Congo. In the comparatively small area of about 800 sq. miles there are large numbers of game, besides much bird-life. Even the rare sitatunga may be found. The park has been opened up with motor roads and accommodation is available at the Mweya Safari Lodge.

Few people may care to make the rather long journey to the Murchison Park—although the Murchison Falls, which have been described as being among the wonders of the world, certainly justify the trip—by road from Kampala to Butiaba (200 miles) and then by launch up the Victoria Nile (65 miles). As for the wild game, one by the thousand and crocodiles by the ten thousand soon cease to pall after a time. At least, I thought so when I made this particular excursion.

PUNGWE GORGE, INYANGA DISTRICT, EASTERN RHODESIA : The Inyanga National Park in this district was bequeathed to the country by Cecil Rhodes, who retired there.

PROCIDA

A Little-known Italian Isle

A million tourists, it is claimed, have visited Capri during the present year, while near-by Ischia, the "Green Isle," is rapidly being developed to attract an increased holiday trade. So now there only remains Procida, a port of call on the way to Ischia, which is almost entirely neglected. Should you enquire in Naples about the place, you will be told that the town lacks suitable hotel accommodation (which is more or less true), and that there is nothing of interest to see, which is false. Procida, in fact, is an undiscovered gem, and it has hardly changed in character since the Middle Ages.

Recently I stayed there for a while, lodging in a small hotel which passed muster; and for meals there were the simple restaurants on the harbour front, where the local wine proved to be exceptionally good.

The winding streets of Procida, the ancient houses and shops, the occasional doorway opening into a luxuriant garden, all combined to remind me of Andalusia. But the houses on the harbour front, with their flat, terraced roofs and external staircases, resemble the buildings one finds on the isles of Greece, with Oriental characteristics. The only eminence is the Rocciola, a castle-crowned hill from which there is a very fine view across the Bay of Naples on one side, and the Bay of Gaeta on the other. The town stretches up the slopes of the castle-hill from the seashore in the form of an amphitheatre, backed and interspersed with vineyards, orange-groves and vegetable gardens. Quite an important local industry is shipbuilding, for the Procidans in fact, have always been famed for their seafaring qualities, and even to-day there is still in existence in the town a school of seamanship.

Procida is a fascinating place for the person who is prepared to make his own discoveries, one of mine being the little Bay of Chiaiolella, on the south-western side of the island, where I had a fine sandy beach all to myself.

G.C.

HALF A CENTURY of the LONDON COLISEUM

The Famous Theatre in St. Martin's Lane which Celebrated Its Jubilee on Christmas Eve

THE STAGE OF THE COLISEUM, WHICH IS CELEBRATING ITS FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY: This is a view from the Royal Circle; the Royal Box can be seen on right. The theatre was opened on Christmas Eve, 1904.

The London Coliseum was opened on December 24, 1904, by Oswald Stoll. Despite its size (it seats over 2,000), Stoll pursued the policy of presenting well-known music-hall stars who usually needed an intimate atmosphere. This proved successful, but the policy of four shows a night did not. In 1907 the theatre reopened under a reconstructed company, but still with Oswald Stoll in charge, and performed a "twice daily" programme.

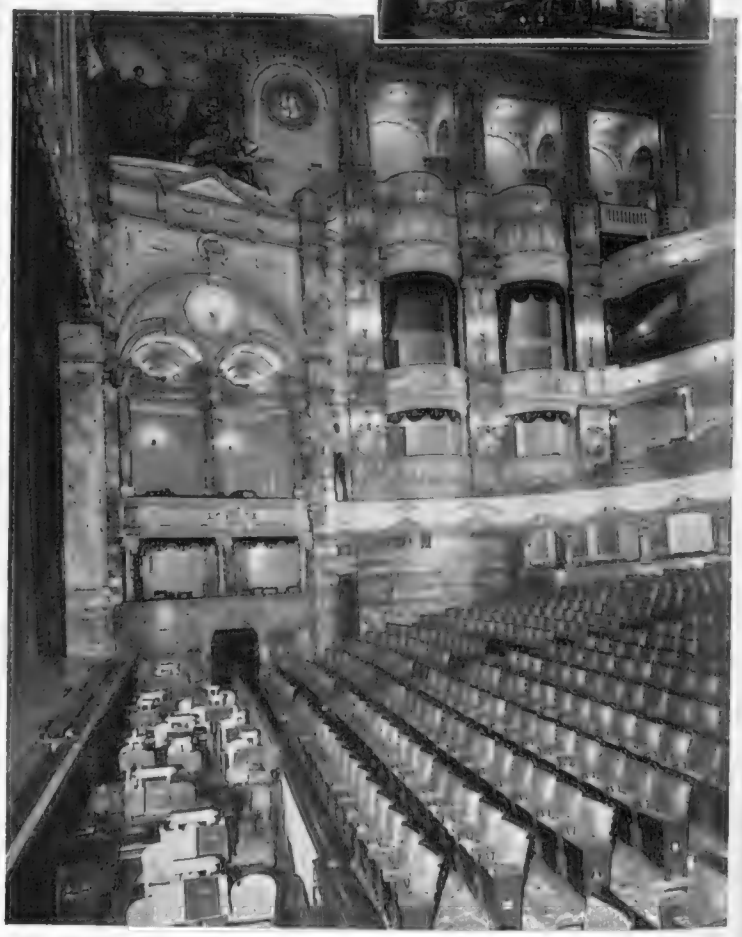
From this time up to the early '30's, nearly every star of note appeared on the stage of the Coliseum. Top-liners from the music hall appeared on the same stage as the Milan Opera Company, Sybil Thorndike and Diaghilev's *Russian Ballet*. Then, in April 1931, a change of policy started another successful era. This began with the staging of Erik Charell's *White Horse Inn*, a spectacular musical which ran for just over a year and established the theatre's longest run up to that date. Then for a time the theatre was used as a cinema. Since 1947 the Coliseum has had its greatest successes with the presentation of American musicals.

THE FAMOUS FAÇADE IN ST. MARTIN'S LANE: *On right*—The Coliseum as late-night theatregoers see it. The tower and the globe, which is illuminated at night time, can be counted among London's landmarks. During its long career, the Coliseum has served as a stage for music-hall artists, straight plays, musicals, and even as a cinema. Among the many famous stars who have appeared at the Coliseum are Little Tich, George Robey, W. C. Fields and Gertie Gitana.

MR. SAM HARBOUR, THE GENERAL MANAGER: Mr. Harbour is seen in his office at the theatre. On the walls are photographs of famous stars and of notabilities, including the Queen, who have visited the Coliseum.

THE MAN WHO HAS SEEN EVERY SHOW AT THE COLISEUM IN FIFTY YEARS: Mr. Bill Bishop is now a maintenance man. He joined the staff in 1904.

THE ORIGINAL PAINTING FOR THE NEW ACT-DROP FOR THE COLISEUM: This design, by Byam Shaw, R.I., depicts famous people who have been associated with the theatre. In the centre, wearing a top-hat, is Sir Squire Bancroft; on his left, Sir Arthur Pinero and Sir Herbert Tree. Taking a bow in the front is Adeline Genee. Towards the right is Sir Henry Irving dressed as Shylock, and on his right is Ellen Terry. Sir George Robey can be seen in front of the pillar on the right.



THE ORNATE INTERIOR OF THE COLISEUM: Not all the acts at the theatre have been confined to the stage. A Chinese acrobatic team once walked a wire stretching from the gallery to the stage. When built, the Coliseum was the most modern theatre in the country.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

THE Peruvians, in laying claim to a wider extent of maritime coastline, drew attention to the ocean and all that in there is. Whilst we never took kindly to whale meat, I sometimes feel that hotels might be more imaginative in the sea and river fish they offer us. Must we be condemned for ever to choose between haddock or kipper on the breakfast menu? I do not think so, because I have visited a number of hotels where sea food has been a contributory factor in the enjoyment of my stay.

Then there is that hotel of magnetic attraction, The Moncrieff Arms at Port William, on the shore of Wigtownshire. Here, Mr. and Mrs. Gillies give one the widest choice of freshly caught and cooked fish.

But where, generally speaking, are the soles, the plaice, the dabs and the whiting? At one time the latter used to be served with their tails in their mouths . . . is it that they have consumed themselves off our plates?

We are now in the middle of the oyster season. Nowhere are they fresher than near the source of their beds, and a week-end at The George at Colchester is not only a surety of a good plate of oysters, but of the best cooked scampi I have yet come across.

For those who are looking for relaxation for a week or so after 'flu or other illness, Budock Vean Hotel, near Falmouth, is the place to make for, because apart from warmth or comfort it nestles by the bank of the Helford river and there, within walking distance, you can eat "Duchy" oysters straight from their bed.

In London, one of my favourite spots for oysters has always been Bentleys in Swallow Street, just off Piccadilly. A family concern from its inception, I have always been sure here of what I swallow, for they have their own oyster beds at Colchester and West Mersea. Now they have gone a step further by opening a hot fish restaurant with Mr. Ceruti, who first learnt to cook on the shores of the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, as Chef de Cuisine.

There is plenty of good fish still to come out of the sea . . . may hoteliers profit by the example of the three brothers Bentley and give us a wider range of fish dishes at breakfast, lunch, dinner and even tea!

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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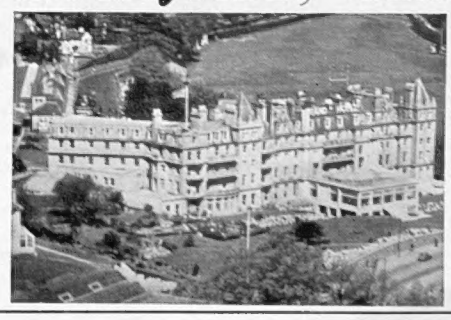
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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

"EUPHUES REDIVIVUS"

Jack Loudan's Biography of Amanda Ros, Novelist and Poetess; Kenneth Hopkins' Autobiographical "The Corruption of a Poet"; A Practical Book for the Farmer; A Good Collection of Novels and Detective Stories

NOTHING could be more of a specialised taste—or more fun for those specialists—than the writings of Mrs. Amanda Ros, whose frenzied prose and verse have delighted such great humorists as Mark Twain and Barry Pain, whose books gave many happy moments to such figures as Lord Oxford and Sir Desmond McCarthy, and who was the subject of a study by Aldous Huxley who claimed for her the title of "Euphues Redivivus." Mrs. Ros has also, and not just once, been called the World's Worst Novelist, but there are those among us who think that inexact, not to say downright unfair, for to be as bad as that argues an infinite capacity for boring and that is precisely what our Amanda did *not* do. Exasperate, yes, and even stun; but never bore.

Mr. Jack Loudan has devoted time, trouble, research and affectionate care to his biography of the lady, O RARE AMANDA! (Chatto and Windus. 15s.), and has made it a rewarding book in spite of the fact that the material, other than the works themselves, was so unpromising. For the author was born Anna Margaret McKittrick in Ireland in 1860, went to Larne, near Belfast, to teach in a small school, married the station master and, with very few excursions, lived there for the rest of her life. She died fifteen years ago, unshakably convinced of her own genius, and implacably hostile to lawyers (whom she called, amongst other things, "law bloodhounds"), and those "hell-deserving rodents," critics.

She was completely serious about her work and is known to have used during her writing career more than fifty terms of opprobrium for those who ventured to criticise it in any but a eulogistic way. The list of these magnificent phrases of abuse is on page 55, and includes such gems as "random hacks of illiteration," "talent wipers of wormy order" and "hogwashing hooligans." With just one example of her command of the verse form, I will leave this rich subject. The quotation is from her poem *On Visiting Westminster Abbey*:

> "Holy Moses! Take a look!
> Flesh decayed in every nook,
> Some rare bits of brain lie here,
> Mortal loads of beef and beer."

THE CORRUPTION OF A POET (James Barrie. 15s.) is an autobiography by Mr. Kenneth Hopkins. He is still a young man. He has still to make a considerable literary reputation. But it is already possible to say that he has a happy and commendable talent for pressing the dullest of events to extract their essence of humour. Quite a number of other writers, dealing with their childhoods, adolescences and young manhoods, are able to "see the funny side of things." Mr. Hopkins differs from them in supposing that "sides" are in question. He seems to think—and believe—that things are quite funny enough, whether odd, peculiar or humorous, without any specialised comment from him, so that, in this book, he has simply reported his life up-to-date as he sees it, and successfully left it to that individual vision of his to make it funny. It could have been drab, pathetic, lusty or over-factual. Instead it is the objective record of the life of a near-forty-year-old who has been through the inevitable and unremarkable processes of childhood and growth, who has been casually employed (and in one or two instances that was an apt description), who has lived on the dole and spent the war as a soldier, and who reads nowadays even more than he writes. Dryden said: "The corruption of a poet is the generation of a critic," and to have taken his title from that line at least proves Mr. Hopkins an inspired reader.

LAND IS WHAT WE MAKE IT (Harrap. 12s. 6d.) is one of the most sensible, one of the most practically helpful and one of the least pretentiously written books on farming that I have ever read. And I mean *ever*. Mr. Ernest Manners, having retired after forty years of active farming on Wiltshire grassland, has written this book with one simple and admirable view in sight: "To try to help the inexperienced beginner to make farming pay." To this end he has planned his book in sections for easy reference; has kept the different phases of farm work distinct; has dealt invariably with essentials and not with the trimmings and, most valuable of all, has written the whole book in as simple, undecorated a manner as the greatest stylist could have advised.

Not many months ago I read a novel, and a pretty good one, about Persia in the middle and latter stretches of the war, and about an Englishman working at counter-espionage there, directing his efforts against the Germans but not being particularly helped by the Russians. It was evidently based on a measure of personal experience. Now we have a story of the German Intelligence Service, as told by Dr. Schulze-Holthus, and translated by Mr. Mervyn Savill. DAYBREAK IN IRAN (Staples. 15s.) relates to the author's own exploits and adventures, and is told with all the calm objectivity of a chorus girl describing her Big Moment. "My story," writes Dr. Schulze-Holthus, "is the story of the wildest, most adventurous and yet the richest and finest years of my life—a fragment of history forged by the hand of God, full of blood and tears, of human greatness and faults—started from an empty white spot on a map." Because of its physical and political circumstances the book cannot but contain passages of interest, but frankly it ended in an empty white spot on my list of recommended reading.

DICK TURPIN ON BLACK BESS CLEARING THE OLD HORNSEY TOLL BAR GATE: A reproduction from *Horses of Renown* (Country Life. 10s. 6d.), by Stella A. Walker, which includes stories of thirty-one famous horses, over thousands of years of history, from the days of Pegasus to Britain's Foxhunter. Despite the fact that the author has had difficulty in sifting the fiction from the fact, there are stirring and romantic accounts of horses of the ancient world; of chivalry and romance; great ancestors; famous chargers and twentieth-century celebrities.

Mr. Jocelyn Brooke is a young and intelligent writer who in his new book, PRIVATE VIEW (James Barrie. 10s. 6d.), has had what can only be described as some quiet fun with a collection of four character sketches of people he has known. These brief biographies, however, are, as Mrs. Dorothy Parker once wrote of a blonde, "assisted," and the writer's imaginary details have been as deftly added as his alteration of names. But the little girl who played Puck in the Sandgate school play, the amiable, half-drunken doctor, the Jewish refugee in the army and the enterprising but slightly mad lady who was a Real Actress, all these have reality about them, and it is of no significance to the reader whether it is their own or the author's.

Whether as a preventive or a curative process, or simply for the pure pleasure of it, many of us read more than usual over the holiday season, and it is agreeable to have so many books to discuss just now. For instance, those who can take their romantic ration fairly undiluted will appreciate NO TEARS FOR YESTERDAY (Cassell. 10s. 6d.), which is Yvonne Seager's story about three sisters, uneasily trying to make the best of life together in a dim London flat after a happy childhood in the Channel Islands. Accent on young love, but a good deal of common sense, too, which makes the story oddly attractive.

THE BRUTE STREETS (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.) is Mr. John Prebble's story of an ordinary and likable Englishman whose interest in life is focussed on his attempts to get his young Russian wife over to England, and who finds, to his bewilderment, that his problem has made him something of a public personage. This is both serious and sincere in its anti-Communist argument, and none the worse for having evidently been written with a purpose.

M. Roger Nimier has included two short novels in CHILDREN OF CIRCUMSTANCE (Macgibbon and Kee. 12s. 6d.), each of them disjointed and even erratic in style, but each also making an impact of freshness and originality that is none the less valid because the stories deal with the oldest theme of all. The translations are by Mr. Robert Kee and Mr. John Russell.

A PAIL OF OYSTERS (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is by Mr. Vern Sneider, whose first novel was *The Tea House of the August Moon*, now running as a play in London, and who has a rare combination of understanding, which enables him to write with such penetration about the Far East of to-day, and balance, which makes it possible for him to relate those countries to our Western civilisation. The setting of this new novel is Formosa, and the plot is concerned with the conflict between the basically simple island people and the new and insistent ideologies.

Ruby Ferguson has written a frankly romantic but nevertheless vivid story of life in one of the Channel Islands with THE LEOPARD'S COAST (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.). I liked it, in spite of its tendency to overwordiness, and enjoyed the warmth and humanity of its telling.

THE SAME SCOURGE (Longmans. 12s. 6d.) is Mr. John Goldthorpe's novel about the Roman occupation of Palestine, and deals with the problems of those Roman officials who found their ambitions and careers at odds with their consciences. The author makes a not too obscure analogy between those times and our own, and his hero is depicted as occupying a position that an intelligent young officer might have to-day. The style is simple to naiveté, but Mr. Goldthorpe tells his story well and directly, and this lack of subtlety is not necessarily a drawback.

Both this week's detective stories are very good and both, I will say with the utmost firmness, are highly derivative. BONES OF CONTENTION (Gollancz. 9s. 6d.), for instance, demonstrates not only that Mr. Edward Candy continues, with his second book, to be a first-rate writer on this *genre*, but also that he has been taking an intensive course in the world of Miss I. Compton-Burnett. And that "private eye" of Mr. Martin Brett's in THE DARKER TRAFFIC (Reinhardt. 9s. 6d.), a highly recommendable thriller, owes more than something to the influence of the great Chandler.

LANG OF AUSCHWITZ

A Novel with a Horrific Theme

Robert Merle is a French writer of utterly fearless and quite ruthless approach. He received the Prix Goncourt for his first novel, *Weekend at Zuydcoote*. In DEATH IS MY TRADE (Derek Verschoyle. 12s. 6d.) he has again used the novel form to present the most unpalatable subject, and probably the most unpleasant central figure of any book that has been written since the war. Let it be said at once that there is no pleasure or satisfaction to be had from this novel, which tells the terrible story of Rudolf Lang, from his birth in 1900 to the day in 1947 when he was condemned to death by the Allies for his war crimes, for the most part committed as Commandant at the Polish death camp at Auschwitz where millions of human beings went into the furnaces in the most terrible mass race slaughter in history. This is a complete portrait of a particular type of German mentality. The type that does not swerve from orders and, indeed, no longer questions them.

No details are spared of what took place at Camp Auschwitz. Horror is piled on horror, and the book has an impact on the reader's mind that is indescribably ugly and painfully lasting. But the fact remains that the crime of Auschwitz ranks with the crimes of Ghenghis Khan of Tartary. Lang has been described as the greatest assassin of modern times, and we must live with the thought that he existed in this modern age. The slate cannot be wiped clean. Robert Merle is obviously deeply sincere when, in writing this book, he confronts us with facts that most of us can hardly bear to face.

A very different kind of story emerging from the Second World War is Leo Dalderup's THE OTHER SIDE (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.). This young Dutchman, with the help of John Murdoch, who acts as narrator, describes how he joined up as a Nazi soldier, fighting on the Eastern front against the Russians and in the West against the British and Americans. How he became a prisoner of war, escaped and joined the Royal Air Force, makes most exciting reading, with a dramatic climax when he comes near to being offered a commission. Dalderup's gigantic bluff has all the elements of a best-seller. It is a Book Society recommendation.

When Cecil Chesterton wrote his *History of the United States* in the trenches of Flanders during the First World War he probably did so more for his own personal relaxation at a time of great stress than for any other reason, and despite its quite forgivable inaccuracies, resulting from the time and place of compilation, it remains the best of all the short histories introducing America in broad outline. In the Second World War, D. C. Somervell, one of our most distinguished historians, presented us with his HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, a book which appeared in a small edition and was at once oversubscribed. The new edition (Heinemann. 15s.) is revised, completely reset and illustrated, and it compares in many ways with the Chesterton volume, although its judgements are less colourful and the broad picture is, in consequence, perhaps harder to perceive. On political issues Mr. Somervell is eminently fair, and his assessments of such great figures as Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Lincoln, William Jennings Bryan, Wilson and the Roosevelts are superb and succinct pieces of summing up. In a volume of only just over 300 pages there are bound to be considerable omissions, and perhaps the most notable relate to the era of labour unrest which culminated in the trial of the Chicago anarchists, also the corrupt era of Boss Tweed's dominance in New York. The section on the American Civil War—the first modern war—is also a bit sketchy. Despite these obvious shortcomings Mr. Somervell's achievement is considerable. It is a product of his obvious enthusiasm for his vast and complex subject.

Burns is primarily a great poet, not the number one romantic of his century. That is the main point that Maurice Lindsay asks us to assimilate in his new life of ROBERT BURNS. *The Man, His Work, the Legend* (Macgibbon and Kee. 18s.). This is a most readable biography, and the author looks afresh at some of the more controversial aspects of Burns' career, such as his relationship with Highland Mary and his plans to emigrate to Jamaica.

George Eggleston's TAHITI (Robert Hale. 16s.) is an account of a small boat voyage through the Society Islands. For Eggleston this voyage was the realisation of a lifelong ambition, and when the opportunity came he certainly did not miss a moment of it. His photography is first rate and he never spared his camera during this journey through paradise.

Cyril Beaumont's BALLETS OF TO-DAY (Putnam. 21s.) is the second and latest supplement to the *Complete Book of Ballets*. He covers forty-two ballets produced since 1945, and has made a selection of those pieces which have already achieved a place in the repertoires of well-known companies.

W. Macqueen Pope's IVOR, his very popular biography of Ivor Novello, now appears in a new edition (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.), which is sure of a fervent welcome.

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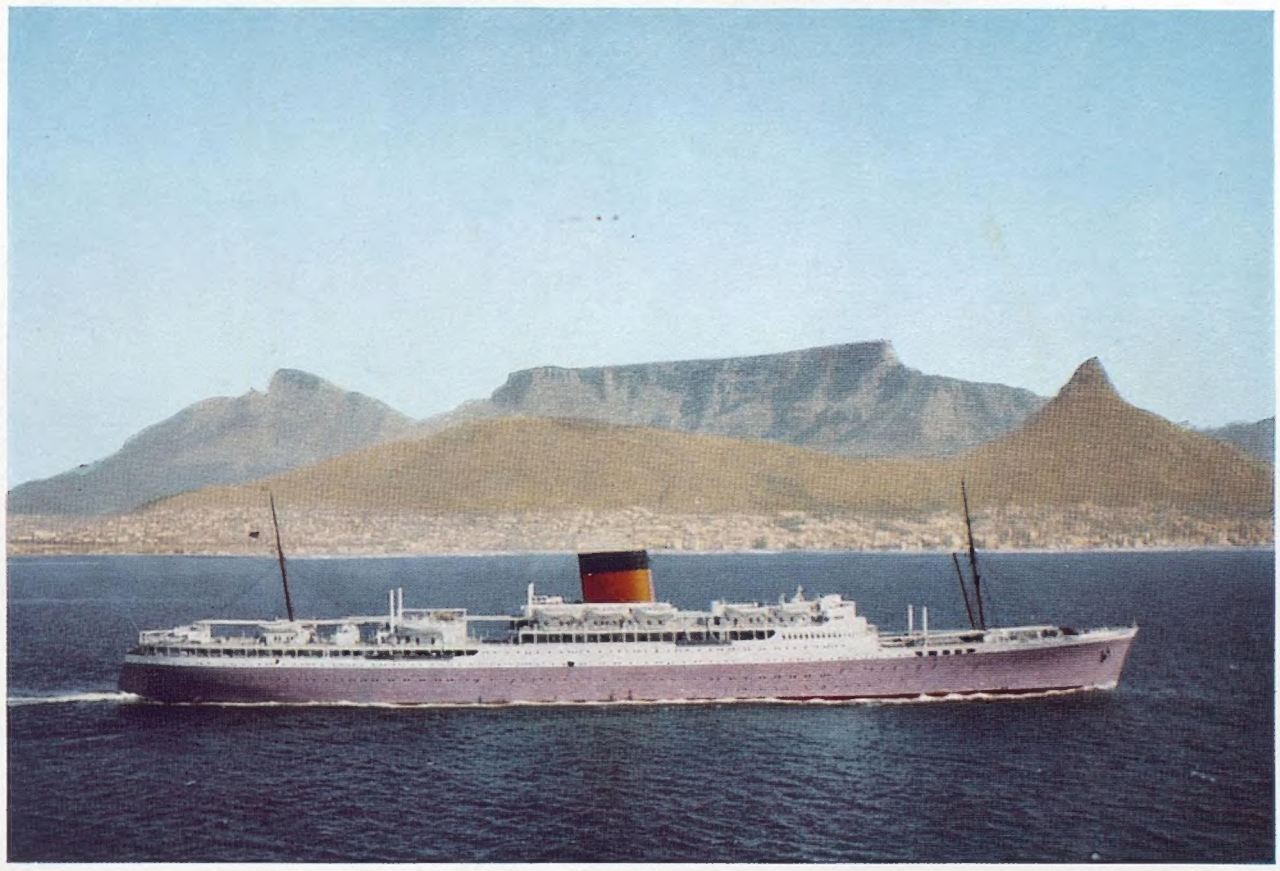

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